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Purple and White



Published Annually by the Students
of the
MADERA UNION HIGH SCHOOL



1921

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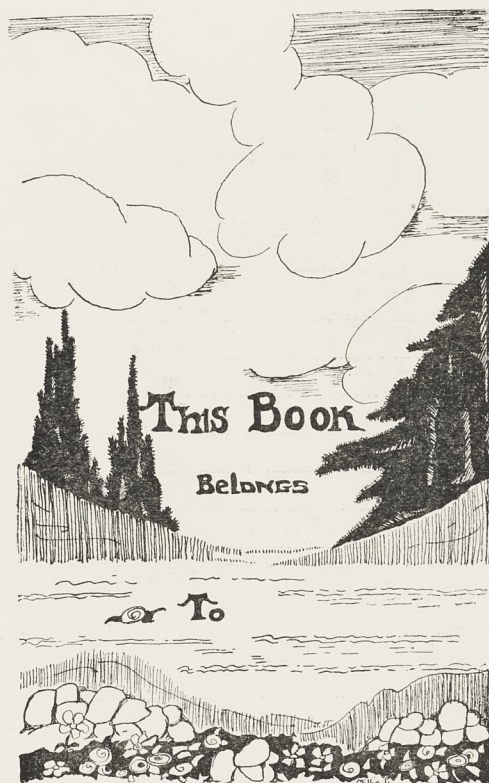
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To
Miss Eunice Verter
In appreciation of her loyalty and
friendship, we respectfully
dedicate this volume
of the
Purple and White





G. M. SHELDON
QUEEN MASTERS

LOIS M. BENNINK
R. J. TEALL
NELLIE McSWEENEY

BARTA E. HILLIARD
HAZEL ALLIN



HELEN HAWKINS
FLORENCE CARPENTER

W. C. MATHEWS
ELIZABETH HIDDEN
H. L. ROWE

FLORENCE B. WILLIAMS
MAY WORTHINGTON



SENIORS

It was a warm afternoon in May when the Purple and White editor was hurrying everything and everybody to get material ready for the Annual. Doris was telling James that he must get the class history written.

"I haven't been here during all the four years so how can I do it?" James inquired of the editor.

"If I tell you about what happened when you weren't here, then you can do it all right, can't you?" Doris urged. "To begin with when we were Freshmen we were like most other Freshmen except that our class was the largest and as we were told the greenest up to that time."

"Yes, possibly, I wasn't here," interrupted James.

Doris continued, "About the time we were beginning to feel a little at home and to learn not to run every time we heard Professor Mower's footfalls, they gave us a reception."

"All right go on and finish, I am getting it," said James.

"When we were Sophomores I remember we had a picnic at Riverview," James added, "and Jack fell into the river."

"Yes, Mr. Teall was away at the time and when he came back and found out the time we got home he called a special class meeting to announce that we couldn't have any more picnics that year," Doris recalled.

James observed, "The class must have had a taste for the extraordinary that year; remember our entertaining the Senior class, quite out of the ordinary and not according to custom."

"We always have had a love for picnics," said Doris, "when we were Juniors we had two, one at Skagg's bridge and the other at Riverview."

"The class has also figured creditably in school athletics," added James.

"Yes," said Doris, "last year our girls basket ball team played a game against a team picked from the rest of the girls of the school and won."

"We had several class parties during the year," continued Doris, "and we entertained the Seniors in grand style at the annual reception. This year we have the distinction of being the first Senior class of our school to have a 'ditch day.'"

"We have had two class picnics this year, haven't we?" James asked.

"Yes, and the Senior-Junior entertainment makes three picnics," answered Doris. "This all sounds as if we had played for four years but any one of the class would say that such has not been the case."

"Anyway both our work and fun here is almost over now," Doris finished with a sigh.

"All right, now that I have the idea I will write it up right away," James promised.

But once more good intentions failed for James never wrote it up.

BERTHA WOOD

"Bert"

Basketball '20, '21

Purple and White

Staff '21

Class President '21

Senior Class Play



Bertha's a darling
sweet lass,
We're proud she's the
head of our class;
She rules us too,
With purpose "true
blue;"
A quick smile's the
chief charm of the
lass.

MARY BAKER

Tennis '19, '20, '21

Valley Champion-
ship

Glee Club '19, '20, '21



"O What a Pal was
Mary,"
She never was cross or
contrary;
At tennis she won
And called it fun,
This dainty bit of a
girl named Mary.

ELEANOR MULLER

"Warts"

Glee Club '21



Eleanor Muller was
not really mean,
But towards teasing
always would lean;
She teased us so much
We all had a hunch,
That she was a bit off
of her bean.

ALICE LIECHTI

"Al"
Glee Club '20, '21
Purple and White
Staff '21



Here's a sweet little
senior girl
Alice, with round face
and curl;
She is so meek
She's almost a freak,
That modest young girl
with a curl.

LAWRENCE MACON

"Buck"
President Student
Body '20
Ass't. Manager Purple
and White '20
Manager Purple and
White '21
Glee Club '21
Football '21



Lawrence Macon's a
very coy chap,
When he passes girls
he lifts his cap;
He's not fond of work
And often will shirk
And for fives he cares
not a rap.

DORIS SNYDER

Class President '18
Class Secretary '19
Editor, Maderan '20
Purple and White
Staff '20
Editor-in-Chief, Purple
and White '21
Secretary, Student
Body '20, '21
Glee Club '20



There's also a senior
named Doris,
Who stands up quite
often before us;
When asked what her
passion
She replies in this
fashion,
"Oh dea', I'll belong to
the chorus."

EDITH CROW

Basketball '20, '21
Captain
Tennis '20, '21



There once was a
maiden named
Crow,
Who liked to play
tennis with Rowe;
One day at a game
She most lost her fame
And now she plays no
more with Rowe.

GENEVA GIBBS

Class President '19
Class Secretary '21
Senior Class Play



Geneva is lovely and
fair
She won Dan by the
gold in her hair.
Her calm gentle ways
Insure peace all her
days.
All praise to this maid-
en so rare.

DAN SHELDON

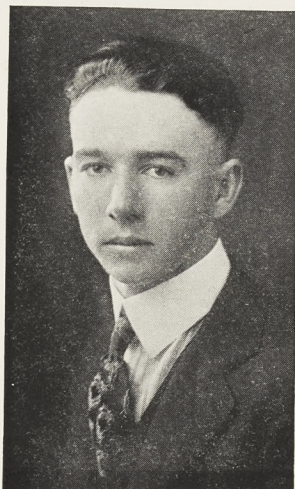
Scholarship '20
Track '20, '21
Class Treasurer '21
Glee Club '21



Dan is the last boy in
the world,
To lose his heart to a
mere girl;
But Geneva has found
it,
And to herself fast
bound it
With strands of her
long golden curl.

HARRY THEDE

Football '21



There was a young
chappie named
Harry,
Who of playmates was
awfully chary;
He was always so deep
He'd most make one
weep,
So we nary said words
to deep Harry.

WILLIAM BERRIER

"Chub"

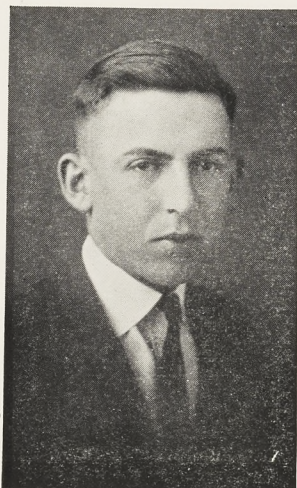
Vice-President Stu-
dent Body '18

Baseball '19, '21

President Glee Club
'21

Purple and White
Staff '21

Senior Class Play



A constant gloom chas-
er is Bill;
He gives you a laugh
and a thrill;
And when he sings,
Or does funny things,
People listen and laugh
to their fill.

HARVEY KNOWLES

"Bogie"

Baseball '19, '20,
Captain '21

Vice-President Stu-
dent Body '19

Manager Maderan '20
Glee Club '20, '21

Class Vice-President
'21

Senior Class Play



Harvey's blond and
brave as a viking,
Hard study's not a bit
to his liking;
He prefers to ride,
Edith by his side,
This senior who is
brave as a viking.

ELTON MACON

"Monk"

Secretary B. A. A. '20
Class Baseball Team
'21

Senior Class Play



There was a boy Elton
or "Monk"
Who one day fell into
his trunk.
At length he was
found,
In slumber profound,
Deep in the sea of
dreams had he
sunk.

PEARL ROSS

Entertainment Com-
mittee Junior
Senior Reception '21



Pearl has a bushel of
sheer grit
Whatever hard comes,
she does it.
And never a word
Of "crabbing" is heard
Of real character she's
quite a bit.

ORA MOORE

Basketball '19, '20
Glee Club '19, '20,
'21
Senior Class Play



A sweet winsome maid
is our Ora
Whose last name al-
most is Moora
She's a spunky young
girl
And her lips always
curl
If any one dares call
"Flora."

MARGARET KERR

School Librarian '21



Margaret has such remarkable eyes
In brilliancy, beauty,
and size;
When she looks at
you,
The world smiles too.
Whisper it—do they
ever tell lies?

KATHRYN GROVE

"Katy"

Editor, Maderan '20

Scholarship '20

Purple and White

Staff '21

Senior Class Play



There was once a
senior named Grove,
Whose brain was a
great treasure trove.
A question you'd
ask'er
It wouldn't go past'er;
She'd get it, this maiden
named Grove.

MAXINE TRINIDADE

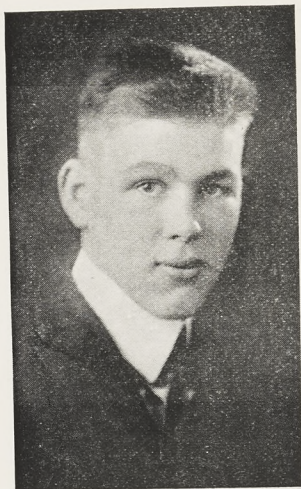
Refreshment Committee,
Junior-Senior Reception
'20



For the very last three
years or four
Maxine should have
grown a bit more;
Tho' she's short and
fat,
We love her at that.
She's good natured
and sweet to the
core.

CURTIS WALLING

"Curt"
Football '20
Senior Class Play



Curt Walling makes
every one rave,
Because he can't ever
behave;
He teases the girls
Pulls their sashes and
curls,
And to studies he's
surely a slave.

WINNIFRED SMITH

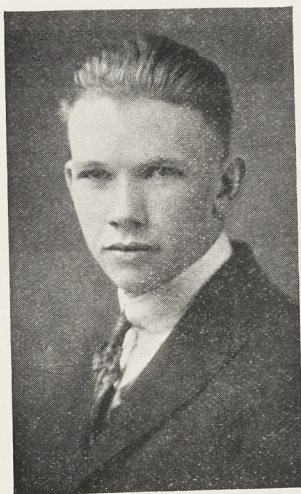
"Winnie"
Basketball '21



There's a senior who's
not very old,
Yet in B. B. is certain-
ly bold;
Winnie's her name
Jumping's her fame,
And when angry she
surely can scold.

MAURICE THEDE

"Thede"
Basketball '19, '20,
Captain '21
Track Captain '21
Football '21
Class President '20

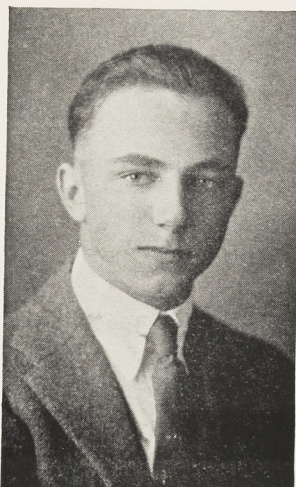


Maurice towers far up
in the street,
Bertha is dainty, pe-
tite;
It's not just a whim
That she looks up to
him;
'Tis a distance of three
or four feet.

JAMES DICKEY

"Jim"

Basketball '19, '21
Baseball '19, '20, '21
Football Captain '21
Track '21
Purple and White
Staff '20, '21
Vice-President, Stu-
dent Body '21
President, Student
Body '21
Debating '21
Senior Class Play



Jim Dickey's a very
slim senior
Of very correctest de-
meanor.
As President of the
school
He adhered to the rule
This boy who is such a
good senior.

MARION SEWELL

Entered School '20
Assistant Editor-in-
Chief Purple and
White '21
"Prunella" '21



There's a senior named
Marion Ruth
Who delights much in
telling the truth;
But the worst of it all
She's so exceedingly
small
You can't kill her for
telling the truth.

MARIE MOORE

"Dutch"

Purple and White
'21
Glee Club '19, '20,
'21



Marie is a fair senior's
name
Her voice will win for-
tune and fame
Her notes round and
sweet
Bring the world to her
feet
She'll sing until all
know her name.

GOLDIE ASHTON

"Goldy"

Glee Club '20, '21



Goldie's a maid of calm
mind,
Very few like her you'll
find;
She spares no good
deed
To someone in need;
To friend and foe both
is she kind.

DOLLY EVANS

Glee Club '20, '21

Senior Class Play



There once was a maid-
en named Evans,
Whose squeal sounded
up to the heavens;
When in doubt what to
shout
She lets a squeal out;
That noisy young sen-
ior named Evans.



Class Will

One warm June evening, as I sat alone in my room feeling deserted and blue I soon decided that it was foolish to feel blue and began to hurry about trying to find some amusement.

During the ransacking that followed, I fell upon a box of old letters and immediately sat down right there on the floor to read them. Oh, they were so interesting I forgot about having the blues and soon was living my past life all over again. All of a sudden I began to read a letter which turned out to be nothing less than the will of the class of 1921.

It read:

I, Geneva Gibbs, bequeath my sweet and demure ways to my sister Lois, with the hope that she will use them.

I, Kathryn Grove, will my studious and diligent reputation to Marion Gale and my ability to get all "ones" to Bernard Dickey.

I, Maurice Thede, do hereby will my position as full back in the football squad to Adolph Picchi.

I, Doris Snyder, do hereby will my spotless complexion to Lawrence Brown who can probably make good use of it.

I, Mary Baker, bequeath my Tennis Championship to Lottie Clendenin, who, I hope, will cherish it all the days of her life.

I, Goldia Ashton, will my charming manner and winning glances to Elizabeth McBride.

I, Harry Thede, will my interest in a certain Junior to my trusted and confidential friend, Lawrence Petty.

I, Margaret Kerr, do hereby will my clever art of make-up to the "Williams Twins."

I, Winnifred Smith, will my position as private secretary to Mr. Teall, to Sylvia Green.

I, Eleanor Muller, bequeath my ability and cleverness of getting to school at ten o'clock every Monday morning, to anyone who is able to get by with it.

I, Elton Macon, bequeath my over-supply of wit to Fred Conn but he must be careful to use it sparingly.

I, Ora Moore, will my seat in the second row of the "White Theatre" to Ruth Grove.

I, Dolly Evans, do hereby bequeath my "musical" giggle to Robina Thompson.

I, Pearl Ross, will my noisy manners to a certain association of Sophomore girls who are badly in need of them.

I, James Dickey, do bequeath my tuneless whistle to George Dyer, and my speech making ability to Mary DeChaine.

I, Bertha Wood, will my height to Wilbur Russel with the hope that it be of use to him.

I, Marion Sewell, will my smiling disposition to Jack Porter.

I, Marie Moore, bequeath my art as a comedian to Edward White who is expected to use it as often as possible.

I, Curtis Walling, do will my willingness to help, to James but he must be careful not to over do.

I, Edith Crow, will my slender figure to Ocie Myers.

I, William Berrier, will my musical tenor voice to James Levi Knox Polk Hess.

I, Maxine Trinidad, bequeath my seriousness to Elva Pruitt.

I, Harvey Knowles, will my studious character to James Warner.

I, Dan Sheldon, do hereby will my positions as movie operator to the next to acquaint himself with the Geneva movement.

I, Alice Liechti, will my excuse from gym to whoever can truthfully say she has a pain in her side.

I, Lawrence Macon, will my interests in the Purple and White to Glenn Freeman.

The Day of Judgment, or Peter's Magic Lamp

A ONE ACT FARCE.

Scene I.

Inside the gates of heaven. On the left stands a large desk upon which lies a huge book. On the right, an express elevator making direct trips to Mother Earth and Hades. A gigantic thermometer indicates whether the elevator is near Heaven or Hell by the rise and fall of the liquid. Overhead, in the center of the arch, which overhangs the gates, a magnificent globe or lamp is located.

Saint Peter is seated at the desk in deep thought. So intensely interested is he in the contents of the book that he fails to notice the arrival of the elevator with a new passenger. Maurice Thede steps boldly out and walks over to the desk. Saint Peter is still unaware of his presence.

Maurice: Hello, Pete.

Saint Peter: (sharply) State briefly your reasons why you should be allowed to enter. Mind you speak the truth. Yonder lamp will betray you if you are false. If you utter a single falsehood the glob overhead will turn red and remain red until put out by the white light of truth. Relate your story.

Maurice: Well, Pete, that being the case, I guess I had better make a clean breast of it. Anyway, I never did tell a lie (red light) to a—to a—my wife Bertha. (white light) (Maurice shows signs of great relief and goes on hurriedly) I never knew my own mind, Sir. I am ashamed to admit it but I honestly believe that I was the most hen-pecked man that ever lived. (white light) I never did anyone any harm except knock out about five men during my high school and college football career. (red light) Er-er-maybe it was ten. (red light) I mean, I mean, er-twenty. (white light)

Saint Peter. That's enough. You have told sufficient to earn a red ticket. This will entitle you to a direct ride to Hades. Ring for the elevator.

(The thermometer begins to fall and the elevator arrives, bringing new passengers. They step out and Maurice steps in. The thermometer rises indicating the change in climate as it approaches Hades.)

Kathryn Grove, Marion Sewell, and Maxine Trinidad. (in chorus sweetly) Good morning, Saint Peter.

(Saint Peter is busy, apparently making a record in his book. He ignores the greeting while the three stand trembling, huddled together before his desk. At last he seems satisfied and looks up at the newcomers.)

Saint Peter: Relate your stories separately, as briefly as possible. At the same time do not fail to tell the truth, else you are doomed to eternal torture in the deepest pits of HELL.

Marion: (trembling) I started out, Saint Peter, to be such a good girl and ended so miserably. (she sobs, but her tears are wasted on Saint Peter, who long ago became accustomed to women's crying) Commencement Week seemed to mark the beginning of my downfall. I ended in the Borden City jail, where I was thrown for disorderly conduct and disturbing the peace. (the light in the arch continues to remain white.)

Saint Peter: Wretched sinner, you have at least told the truth. I will take you under consideration. Next.

Maxine: The worst thing I ever did was to slap my youngest child for not getting to Sunday school on time. (white light).

Saint Peter: Hush, my good woman. That will do. What has the other lady to say?

Kathryn: Chemistry was my long suit. I discovered the formula for changing all metals into gold. (Red light) (Her friends see that she is betrayed and try to warn her but she raves on).

Marion: (interrupting) You see, Saint Peter, she spent most of her days at Stockton. (Saint Peter nods understandingly).

Saint Peter: Here are your white tickets. (The three enter happily. The elevator arrives with more passengers. They are Geneva Gibbs, Dan Sheldon and Alice Liechti.)

Saint Peter: Which of you wishes to speak first?

Alice: One can speak for the three for our entire lives were involved in a triangle of which each played an equal part.

Saint Peter: Very well. Suppose you act as spokesman.

Alice: It was always a contest between Geneva and me over Dan's affections. Neither of us was completely successful.

Saint Peter: It's an old story. Here are your white tickets, (he chuckles to himself but is interrupted by the arrival of William Berrier, Ora Moore, James Dickey and Lawrence Macon, who look about them astonished.)

Bill: Well, I guess I win the marbles. Didn't I tell you old Pete had never seen the inside of a barbershop? (Saint Peter is astonished but Bill goes on unmindful of him) At least this is a darn sight closer than I ever expected to get to heaven. (white light)

James: SH! Hold your tongue.

Saint Peter: (hotly) I'll stand for no nonsense. I'll listen to the three of your stories while that hoodlum rings for the elevator.

Lawrence: Well, Saint Peter, I never did care much about work. I spent my time on the street, pretending to be blind. I left a fine home I had purchased with the money. (white light)

James: I was just the opposite. I worked on my farm. It kept me scrambling to support my wife and family. Poor dears! I don't know what they will do now that I'm gone. (sobs)

Saint Peter: Never mind! I'll look out for them.

Bill: Ah, Saint Peter, I was a stage comedian of the Berrier-Moore Company. Ora was my right-hand man. Oh, yes, we had a few quarrels but we made a success of life by entertaining others.

Ora: Yep! I helped out by singing grand operas. I think every one was pleased with us.

(Saint Peter hands them three white tickets and one red one.)

(Having disposed of those, Saint Peter looked forward to a much needed rest, but no sooner has he shut his eyes, than the elevator reappears bringing Edith and Harvey, smiling sweetly at each other.)

Saint Peter: State your cases briefly. The white light in yonder globe permits me to know if the truth is spoken and the red if it is not.

Harvey and Edith: (together Oh. Saint Peter, we have tried so hard to live a good happy life. (white light) Really, we think we have succeeded. There are four boys and three girls left on earth to profit by the example we have set and—

Edith: To keep the ranch we left them in good order.

Saint Peter: Well done, thou good and faithful servants. Pass on to a happier life.

(As Saint Peter sat musing on the happy lot of some people, Curtis Walling, Harry Thede and Margaret Kerr appear before him.)

Saint Peter: I want to know your past briefly and take care for I shall know whether you are telling the truth or not.

Curt.: Saint Peter, I have had a terrible life. After I married Winnifred, I had to work like a dog to give her all the money she demanded. (red light) Er-er-I mean-er, she loved dancing and society and left me without any supper every night. (red light) Oh, What's the use? I didn't do anything but stand on the street corner and flirt with every pretty girl that passed.

Saint Peter: Here's your red ticket. Next.

Margaret: (stepping boldly to the front) My life was spent in trying to make old maids look like girls of sixteen. Also to avoid a freshie whose name was Elton Macon.

Harry: Saint Peter, I've been a righteous man, preaching all over the world. I've tried to do some good for the heathen.

Saint Peter: You two may enter.

(Bertha Wood, Winnifred Smith and Eleanor Muller then come before Saint Peter.)

Saint Peter: Tell your past briefly.

Bert: I married Maurice but did not like home life. I became a suffragette and helped to get the right for women all over the world to vote. When I was at home I growled at Maurice continually because he never would stay and entertain me.

Saint Peter: I will consider your case. You have been cruel.

Winnie: My life has been the hard one! Many a night have I washed clothes until midnight to make enough money for my lazy husband, Curt, to enjoy himself.

Eleanor: I have been very happy, Saint Peter. I married Mr. Bugg and lived on "The Bugg Farm" taking care of the little Buggs.

Saint Peter: Indeed you two have earned a long and happy life.

(As they are leaving Dolly Evans and Goldia Ashton enter. They could easily represent the two extremes for Dolly is so fat that she waddles, while Goldia could hide behind a fence post with ease.)

Saint Peter: (to Dolly) You look as though you might have been the fat woman in a side show.

Dolly: You guessed it that time, Saint Peter. That's just me, Ha, ha, ha. So funny you should have guessed it.

Saint Peter: What have you to say for yourself?

Nothing, Saint Peter. I did nothing of which I am ashamed. (white light)

Saint Peter: I guess I can't permit you to enter heaven right now for the reason that we haven't a pair of wings to fit you. How about your friend?

Goldia: I was snake charmer in the circus with Dolly. You see, I learned the art from Bill Berrier, who brought a snake to school one day. I took a fancy to it.

Saint Peter: You have done nothing harmful. You may enter.

(The arriving elevator this time brings the last of the class of 1921.

They are Mary Baker, Elton Macon, Pearl Ross, Marie Moore and Doris Snyder.)

Saint Peter: State your past briefly and separately.

Mary: Saint Peter, I spent my life as an office girl in a dentist's office. I didn't have the chance to serve in his kitchen. I gave part of the money to the poor.

Elton: My life was made miserable by Margaret's refusal to marry me. At last, I found comfort in studying the stars. I have left much knowledge to the ignorant people of the earth.

Pearl: After I finished high school I was a teacher in a private school for those who needed prompting.

Marie: I joined the Salvation Army and entertained by singing popular songs. People said that they got pleasure from it.

Doris: I never married. Somehow, as the years went by I lost confidence in men. I earned my bread and butter as editor-in-chief of the Madera Daily Tribune.

Saint Peter: Here are your white tickets.

(The elevator drops and Saint Peter is left alone in thought.)

Curtain





The Eternal Triangle

His determination was beginning to ebb even now, when he was taking up the receiver, but "faint heart never won fair lady," and with his feet growing colder every second he told Central the number and waited.

"Hello?"

"Hello, is this Corliss?"

"Yes, this is Eddie isn't it?"

"Uh-huh. Say, Corliss, nice day today, isn't it?"

"Yes, very."

"Well, listen. I want to ask you something."

"I'm here. Say it."

"Say who are you going with to Annabelle's valentine masquerade?"

"Nobody. Why?"

"Say if I asked you, would you go with me?"

"Ask me and see."

"Well, will you?"

"No, 'cause I'm not going at all."

"What?"

"I'm going to the city Friday noon and I won't be home for Oh—I don't know how long. So I'm not going to the party at all."

"Aw, gee. Too bad. Goodbye."

He sat down and mopped the perspiration from his brow. That was a shame! All his perfectly good courage gotten up for nothing! Why couldn't she have waited a day? He guessed he wouldn't go at all now. Wouldn't be any fun. What had he ever gotten that silly suit with the red hearts for?

Well, there was one consolation. Clayton Wallace wouldn't get to take her. Girls were mean things. What good were they anyway! Oh well, such is life.

"Edwin!"

Silence.

"Edwin!"

"Aw, I'm coming."

"Go to the drug store and get your poor sister her medicine. What have you been doing all this time?"

"Charge it?"

"Of course. What have you been doing in here?"

"Aw, nothin'."

"Don't be so sullen. Your tie is crooked and your hair looks very untidy."

"Yes Mom."

He went out the door with an air that could not possibly have been mistaken for cheerful. What did mothers know about it anyway? They couldn't understand what it felt like to have a rival.

It was Friday morning, and Ed was as sure that he wasn't going to Annabelle's party as he was that his name was Edwin Woodley.

By afternoon he was not quite so sure. Everyone had been counting the hours and minutes till night, and wondering if he would have a good time. Corliss was at school in the morning, and Ed didn't know; perhaps one was foolish to let a mere girl spoil one's evening. There was that suit with the red hearts—but no, he wouldn't go.

That afternoon Ed came home firmly resolved to go to the show, and *not* to the party.

About 5:30 in the afternoon someone called up, and Ed answered the phone. The voice on the other end was feminine and it sounded familiar. She asked for Edwin, and finding that she was speaking with Edwin, she informed him that she was Corliss, and that complications had arisen, which made it possible for her to stay in town that night, and incidentally to go to Annabelle's party—with him if he'd take her. All right, she'd meet him at the drug store.

Girls weren't so bad after all. At least this one wasn't. She was going to let him, Edwin Woodley, and not Clayton Wallace, take her to Annabelle's party.

Where was that silly costume? Must be kicking around somewhere.

At 7:30 P. M. Edwin was among those present at the drug store. There had been a considerable struggle to get the car, and his mother told him to start so early, but then what was the use of hanging around home when you might be at the drug store, and also he certainly wasn't going to miss Corliss.

Oh, Golly! What had happened. The neck of his costume was all ripping. Must be that string sis called a draw string. He'd told 'em it wasn't strong enough. Well, nothing to do but go home and have it fixed, thereby wasting some more gas which might have been used to better advantage after the party.

He made the distance in record time, but when they started fixing him up, his mother and sister never seemed to have been so slow in their lives or his. Sis seemed to be in extra high spirits. She seemed also to be more of a hindrance than a help. The clock at home said only 7:30. He must have looked at the drug store clock wrongly.

He got back to said store when the hands of the clock there were pointing to 7:55! Now what was he going to do?

When he asked the clerk if anyone had left a message, the clerk said yes, that a young lady had come and left word to tell one Edwin Woodley that she had gone on. Was that what he wanted to know?

That was a nice mess! He guessed he had been slow. Nothing to do but tag along.

When he got there, nearly everyone had arrived. There was a masked girl over there that looked like Corliss, especially her hair. She was staring at him. She surely must be Corliss.

Ed looked around the crowd, but he didn't see anybody that looked like Clayton Wallace. Clayton was shorter than the other kids. Must be he wasn't coming.

That was a peculiar dress Corliss had on. Kind of a funny green. Ed guessed he'd go ask her to dance as soon as the music started for the next dance.

When the time came, he started across the room but on his way he met Annabelle and had to stop and say hello. While he was thus detained, his chance flew away. The girl in green had already gone. Too bad. Just his luck.

When the next dance began, Ed went across the room to ask Corliss to dance.

"Well," she said, "do you think you deserve it the way you treated me? Of course I know you tried to avoid me."

What was the matter with her voice? Must be the cold that every body was catching.

"How did you know who I was?" asked Ed.

"Don't you think I'd know who *you* are? But you did try to avoid me didn't you?"

"No I didn't. Honest! I—well. I had a—little accident."

"A poor excuse is better than none. But I'll forgive you. Let's dance."

That was funny. She usually didn't give in so quickly.

She went on meditatively, "You know, Eddie, I really think I like you better than 'most any other boy I know."

"That's funny," Eddie said, "I like you better than any girl I ever did know."

Ed felt so good now that he could almost love Clayton. Poor old Clayt.

However as the dance didn't go on forever, they couldn't go on talking about such interesting things.

When Ed had gone back to his corner he began thinking about how wonderful life was. He wondered what his friend Clayt Wallace was doing now. The more he thought about things the happier he got.

Finally the time came for unmasking. Ed felt that he must be on hand to see his girl in green take off her mask. He surely was not going to miss that. When he found her, she said she had been waiting for him to come before she took off her mask.

Ed was far too happy to ask questions. The girl told him to unmask first, which he did.

She then very carefully untangled the string of her mask from her hair, and then—

What was she doing? It came off! A wig! A practical joke!

What a dirty trick! What a fool he'd been! And Clayton Wallace of all people! Say, wasn't he, Edwin Woodley, going to skin that boy's hide?

Oh, no, perhaps *not!* How under blazing sun, moon and stars was he going to do it? But he'd *surely* do it some how!

—BETH TEALL, '22.



The Song of the Brook

Softly I heard it trickle,
 Softly, then softer still,
First sending sounds of music
 Then it would be a trill.
Tenderly calling the violets,
 Then softly it called the rose.
What, where, when, you are saying
 Oh, my, silly, what do you s'pose
'Tis the brook that's in the meadow,
 In the Spring time when winter just goes.

Its song it sings so gayly,
 Is quite a musician's song
Notes that are short and sprightly
 Notes that are tender and long.
These notes have tender harmony,
 These have sweet echoes and trills.
'Tis the call of the wild sweet springtime.
 Which echoes thru all the hills.

'Tis music, I've told you so often,
 Why is it you can't understand?
When the flowers are springing so sweetly
 'Tis the touch of a pretty hand,
The touch of Spring on the meadow,
 That makes them as green as e'er,
The touch of Spring on the brooklet
 That makes it run sweet and fair.

Now come with me to the meadow,
 I'll show you the wonders there,
I'll show you the haunt of the woodchuck,
 I'll show you the haunt of the hare.
There's naught for the blood like the sourdock
 That grows on the rim of that brook;
There's trouble enough in the daytime,
 But just as the sun's going down
I'll take you down by the brooklet
 And drive away every frown.

—ALICE PARKER, '24.

Lizzy vs. Blindy

Silas Slow was his name and his name, I can guarantee, was the only slow thing about him. Silas was one of those raw-boned, bull-headed New Englanders who always "Lowed as how he could do anything ter be done in this old burg of our'n." But he was to be sadly shaken from his bed of placidity and I think you would be interested in hearing his own story told by himself shortly after the final funeral rites had been preformed over the body of his deceased Ford.

"Wal, yer see, 'twas like this. That hinkering, jinkering Judge Cant that tries ter run our town, goes and buys himself one of them new kind of hosses without wagons that they calls Fords and goes ter parading past me, and my old hoss scattering dust something scandalus. Right then I cal'clates as hows I'd buy me one of them contraptions.

"Ther next time I goes into town, I goes into one of them stores as are called garages and buys me a Ford. An what you think that fool garage man asks me? If I didn't want him ter drive ther thing home for me! Wall I just naturly told him as how I didn't need no store guys ter show me, being as I'd driven old Blindy fer nigh on ter twenty years. I guess I took him down a peg all right fer he turned a funny color and made funny sounds when I got into that consarned thing and started out.

"Wal, I shaves that garage door just as nice and was going down the street, when, sudden like, I wasn't on ther street at all and one of them electricity poles was headed right straight at me. I says right now as how them companies shouldn't be allowed ter obstruct the public road with such things. Why, man, that thing just runned right unter the front of my new Ford and bent it all up, like Mrs. Jinkens' back when she's got the rumitiz.

"Now mind you, all the time that guy from the garage had been right behind me and comes up alongside, a laughing all over his ugly face.

"'Well, well, dad,' he says, just as though I'd be dad ter the likes of him! 'Lizzy isn't behaving like old Blindy, is she?' And he laughs again just as though he'd said something funny.

"I was mad by now and I asks him nice like ter move that post and he laughs again. He tells me ter back it. I gets out and pushes it back, talking nice like all the time but I can't budge it. Now, he gets in and pushes something and Mr. Ford sputters and kicks and then goes right back inter the road again.

"Mr. Garage man climbs out and says, 'Now, Mr. Slow, don't you think I had better stay with you till you learn a little more about your new car?' I shows that man the road perty quick and starts off again.

"That car went along just like a bird till who do you think I sees coming? Judge Cant! 'Well, here's where I have some fun,' thinks I and I pulls that Ford up inter full speed.

"I don't just recollect what happened next but when I woke up three days later, they said as how I'd runned right unter Judge Cant and mashed him and fractured the car's leg and been throwed ten feet inter the air and lit on my head in Mr. King's hog pen, nearly scaring the pigs ter death.

"I had that Ford just two hours and it cost me more than old Blindy did in twenty years. Right now I'm telling you as after this Silas Slow never buys a Ford."

—TOLA STAFFORD, '23.

Carramba !

"Golfin !"

A voice called me but it was not sweet but very unfriendly. There are ways of calling my name. When Marinela says it, her voice is sweet and soft; this one was rough and harsh and rather familiar, and so I paid no attention to it.

"Golfin !" The voice called again, more loudly than before and right into my ear. In an instant a hand reached out and jerked me suddenly toward the unknown speaker. It was so unusual and so sudden I would have lost my balance but for the firmness of grasp.

I found myself facing detective White, one of those Republican government men, who parade by the water fronts or walk the city streets, pretending to be inattentive and ordinary, when all the time they are sizing up every passerby and are ready to pounce on any suspected one any minute.

"Que es eso ?" I said quickly, and was very courteous. It is well to be polite to these foreign fools. But the detective was not to be fooled.

"Cut the rough stuff," he said, "I'm not here to hear your Spanish lingo. Come. You thought you could get away with the stuff, did you? Well, there'll be one more of these darn foreigners sent over board, if I have anything to do with it."

The laugh that followed these words were cruel and teasing, but the few people that visited this crowded street of San Salvador, used to such sights, took no notice of it.

I felt my cheeks reddening, knowing that, since the precious box was in my possession, I must put on a bold appearance.

"Senior," I said calmly, "you are trying to accuse me of some wrong of which I am not guilty. But, whatever it is I must tell you that I am wrongly judged. You can ask any one as to my character in the past. El madre——"

"That is neither here nor there," he answered abruptly. "If you are innocent you will have a chance to prove it, and if guilty—come, or shall I take you with the aid of a gun."

I saw that it was useless to resist and say any more and so replied, "Muy bien, Senior, voy con Usted."

We passed in and out of the many streets. The detective had a hand on my shoulder in a very firm clasp, and we proceeded on our way. He was not talking and I was thinking hard and fast. There must be some way of escape, and, if there was I must immediately think of it. Time however, was precious, and, we were coming nearer to the court house all the time. All my reasoning and thinking, however, only seemed to be of that one small box in my vest pocket. If I could only get rid of that thing, all would be well with me. But, after all the trouble of getting that expensive pearl for my Marinela, I was not overly anxious to part with it as to keep it and go against the waves. They say a man will put himself before anything for love, and I truly think I would have gladly faced the hereafter itself, if I might first see the look of gladness on Marinela's face when I should place the treasured ring on her finger.

There was no longer any chance of escape. The detective was watching me all the time, whether to read my mind, or prevent any false movement I do not know. We finally reached the court house and, there was no trial going on. I was immediately brought before the Judge. The session in the court room was brief. Detective White stated his case, how he had seen me around Mrs. Mujera's residence and how the next day, Mrs. Mujera had reported the missing jewel.

"And if you want my way of thinking, sir, that you'll find the ring on him," he said.

"Has the prisoner a word to say concerning this matter?" asked the Judge facing me.

"It is true, Senor," I said, "that I have a ring in my possession, but I deny that I have not paid for it rightly. That is all I have to say."

I reached in my vest pocket and placed the treasure before the Judge on a table. He was about to open it when some one said, "Here is Mrs. Mujera." At the first instant, all I saw was rather a young woman dressed in expensive furs. The next instant I saw how she cast a look of kindness upon my weary face.

The Judge bowed, "You have arrived just in time, madam. Will you step to the table, please, and identify your ring?"

The lady walked calmly to the table.

"Well, at last you have found it, have you? Let me see. I can easily tell whether it is mine."

There seemed to me some great kindness in Mrs. Mujera's voice and yet I thought she was a woman that stood for the right. My fears were for the worst. I knew that if she was the owner of the ring, that she would immediately claim it. That seemed but natural.

What then was my heart's desire when she slowly opened the ivory box and said, gently, "No you have made a mistake. This is not my ring."

At that moment I was a little dazed. As I walked out of the court room, a free man, with the costly treasure in my hand, I cast a sneering glance at the detective. His face was burning with anger because of defeat which had resulted.

My first thought was of my Marinela and I started out in a trot toward the outskirts of the town until I reached a tiny villa surrounded by gardens and lawn. No one could feel more perfect than I as I walked up that cement side walk. Why should I not be happy? Soon I would be with my Marinela, who always greeted me with her smiles and laughed at the portly Don Vanzuela, who wished to gain her with things that money could buy. How little he knew my Marinela, I thought as I rang the door bell and awaited her gentle smile. A maid answered the door.

"Ah," I said, "Es la senorita Marinela a la casa?" but as I saw she did not understand me I said again in English "Ah, is the senorita Marinela at home?"

"No," she said. "She eloped at three o'clock this afternoon with Don Vanzuela."

—FERN SKAGGS, '22.

California

Of all the states, from east to west,
California has stood the test.
I see her, as upon a throne
She rules supremely, and alone.

No other with her can compare,
There is no other half so fair.
She's rich in climate and in wealth,
And more than these she's rich in health.

From the Sierras to the sea
Lie glades of rich fertility.
Here Phoebus shines serene and gay,
And always fades on a perfect day.

Of all the trails beneath the sun,
To California's the best one.
Come enter through the Golden Gate
To California, my native state.

—MARIE MOORE, '21.

Ballad

Professor Teall of Madera
By his right hand thumb he swore,
That the Members of our own high school,
Should battle with chalk no more.

By his right hand thumb he swore it
And named a trysting place,
And bade the Juniors all come forth
To acknowledge their disgrace.

The Juniors all came forward
With tongue and forelock straight,
And solemnly swore by June
That there be no more chalk debates.

Now you'll see the Juniors standing
And looking kind of glum,
As though they're all a thinking
Of a very dear lost chum.

—TOLA SAFFORD, '23.

The Doctor

For three days the famous Doctor Seymour had been in a delirious state in the Woodbine Hospital. His physicians declared that he suffered a nervous breakdown, as a result of overtaxed strength.

At intervals the doctors and nurses in attendance had puzzled over a phrase, uttered again and again by the patient "I did it, and I am glad, for it served him right."

It was midnight and the world as black as pitch. The rain beat furiously against the window panes, as Doctor Laring, college friend of Doctor Seymour, walked quietly into the latter's room.

The patient opened his eyes and regarded the Doctor for a second. Then he said, "I know that you think my ills are caused from overtaxed strength, but I tell you it comes from overtaxed nerves. He paused, then proceeded calmly. "I killed a man last Tuesday. I did it deliberately and have no regrets, although I fully realize that I chose a certain and cruel method."

Again he paused, and as his friend looked at him, amazement and doubt written on his face, he continued deliberately. "The man I killed was Theodore Silva, a waiter. I slew him in a crowded restaurant before the eyes of hundreds, but so far I have not been arrested or even threatened. For weeks I have hated this man—everything about him. He got right on my nerves. Then too, I knew his symptoms. I could not be mistaken in my belief that his gasping breathing, protruding eyes and purple lips told of a weak heart. Above all it seemed that no other waiter could wait upon me. I could not avoid him!

"He walked and acted as if he were a sneaking dog, positively the most overbearing man I ever saw. It always appeared to me that he would like to put poison in my food or kill me outright."

"While the tips I left were not extravagant, they were enough and just. Silva, however, acted as if he were outraged at not having more and he never thought of thanking me. Two or three times he deliberately swept the money I left onto the floor.

"More than once I knew he did not bring me enough change and then, last Monday, something happened that roused me more than anything has roused me before.

"Silva was uncommonly polite, stooping twice to pick up my napkin which I had absent mindedly dropped, where before he would probably have stepped on it. I had an uncommonly hard case on hand and my mind refused to work on any other channel, so I was very absent minded, I know. However, I became aware that Silva managed to keep close to my chair and it annoyed me, especially as I was having a late breakfast, and few others were in the place.

"All the money I had that morning was a ten dollar bill and so I waited for Silva to bring back the change; it suddenly occurred to me that it must be very late. I put my hand to my pocket, but horrors! My gold watch, my mother's last gift to me, was gone!

"My mind was instantly awake. I knew I had had that watch when I came into the restaurant. Silva's strange conduct came before me immediately; he was the man who had my lost property.

"I waited impatiently for the man to return, thinking that I would—well, I hardly know what I thought I would do. It seemed ages to me before the huge bulk of the beast came into view. He came toward me with an insolent, sneering air, and stopping long enough to say 'No change today, sir,' walked on to a party which had just come in, before I could find breath to accuse him of lying and stealing too.

"For a moment I sat still, too enraged to move, and then I flung myself from the room. Oh, what a day I spent! But, believe me, by nightfall I had decided on a plan."

"Tuesday morning I walked into the restaurant with the same outward calm that I always had but—inside of me! What a raging battle was going on within me to keep that calm on the surface!

"Fortunately for me and my plan, the other waiters were all busy, and the head waiter turned me over to Silva. He was just the opposite of what he had been yesterday, more insolent than ever before. So when he brought me my change, I fingered it thoughtfully. He stood near expecting his tip as usual, and evidently not intending to leave until he had it in his possession.

"Finally I placed a fifty dollar bill beside my plate and quietly rose. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Silva, his bulging eyes fixed upon the unexpected tip and his ugly face distorted with surprise and eagerness to a spotted purple gray.

"I calmly turned as if to go on out; then—apparently quite absentmindedly I turned back—picked up the fifty dollar bill and left a quarter in its place.

"There was a horrible, gurgling, dying gasp as the man fell to the floor. I was a physician and in an instant I was beside him, giving quiet orders to the frightened people about me.

"He was dead without a doubt. I myself carried him to his tiny attic room at the back of the big restaurant.

"As I laid him on the bed in the dimly lighted room, I slipped my hand into one of his pockets. I hardly know why I did it or what I expected to find.

"My hand fell on a watch and as I drew it cautiously into view my pulse beat rapidly and my head swam with a great joy—it was my own gold watch."

"My torture is ended."

—ELLEN COOPER, '22.



The Honorable Defeat

"You're 'yellow', that's all, downright 'yellow,'" howled Pete the Bayford boxing promoter.

"Here you get a chance at the champ of the Key islands; you promise everybody that as surely as the tide will come in, you'll fight him, then simply because you got a few scratches in your last scrap you come to us saying that your ma won't let you fight because you're pa said before he died that you ought to refrain from fighting the rowdies of this town in these so called boxing bouts. The dying word of your pop! Bunk! All I've got to say is that they're the dying words of your fame as a real nervy scrapper if you listen to them. And to think that you fooled me into thinking that you had nerve," he added as he stalked off.

Ed refrained from words since he was rather dazed at the way his best friend had thrown him down, and since all words would have fallen on ears that refused to listen. He was determined nevertheless, for he realized that boxers were not the "cream" of the town and that he the son of the deceased mayor of Bayford should keep better company. So he turned to his work of laying out the plans for a light yacht and tried to forget Pete Sanderson's cutting words.

The name of a coward stuck to Ed King, for no matter how hard he tried to retain his good name in cleaner sports, he always came out last. He began to feel that his father James King was right when he had said that Ed would never be anything better than a low-down bum.

As the days passed by, Ed became so down-hearted that all he wished now was the removal of his body, dead or alive from this town of people who despised men to whom fate had extended a crooked deal. Edward King had but one measly little hope of even being removed from the town and that hope was centered solely upon the person of Captain George Larsen, the wealthy adventurer who spent much of his time exploring the dangerous swamps and treacherous reefs of Florida and the Key Islands. He had visited Coral Island of the string of Keys and naturally he had visited Balford, the only town on the island.

On his trips he had met Mrs. J. King, wife of the deceased James King, and after numerous visits they became engaged. Ed only hoped that they would like to live in foreign lands since it would be likely that his cowardice would not be known unless he displayed it.

But once more he had hoped in vain for after his mother's marriage to Captain Larsen, the Captain decided he would settle down to a quieter life and that swindler "fate" had turned his eyes and head toward Bayford and there they lived.

Captain Larson learned to like his stepson Ed for Ed had confided in him all his secrets and Ed's nerve after a careful search always revealed itself. However he always sided in with Mrs. Captain Larsen and he considered prizefighting, especially amongst a crowd of rowdies a dirty sport. However any kid of sixteen that could hold his own with the "fighting clan" of Bayford must have nerve. Ed had held his own amongst them and so Larsen decided that Ed could

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throw off his present name and acquire one that an old warrior like himself could be proud of.

Football, racing, baseball and basketball all spelled failure for Ed. His football coach having reached the decision that Ed could face hardships without backing out, told Ed one day after a game which all his team mates had blamed him for losing, that "Victory was for but one, honor for those who fight valiantly."

"Yes," Ed thought, "You may be right but I don't even get honor for having been knocked out twice. Simply because I hadn't enough pep left to get that last fellow, I'm blamed for losing the game."

Ed whiled away the long hours working on a yacht suitable for a quiet day on the bay. He liked the water and so had decided to go out for boat racing. This boat cost Ed considerable money and two months of labor and when it was finished every one frankly told him that it was too small and light for anything outside of a race on the bay when the sea was calm.

After this last discouragement Ed felt like giving up and only after his father bought him a handsome craft did he give up the idea of leaving Bayford. The boat was enough to make anyone stay and Ed immediately signed up for the May Day yacht race.

Times seemed bright for Ed again for in his practice sails around the islands (for the yacht race was to be a run around the small Key Island on which Bayford was situated) Pete Sanderson and he had become friendly again. The two of them after considerable practice became experts at handling a yacht and the five thousand dollar prize seemed almost theirs.

The last day before the race, a day of variable winds, they found that it was with great difficulty that they rounded the island in ten minutes more than usual.

"Say kids," said Pete, "I don't go much on the windy weather with a storm always threatening you; I wonder if the directors will postpone the race."

"Absolutely no," replied Ed. "I dropped in at the directors' meeting yesterday for the rules concerning the race and they informed me that rain or shine the race would occur tomorrow."

"Well I guess it means that the fellow who can handle a boat in a storm, the one who has a boat adapted to the weather, will come out first," Pete said despondently.

"Oh, as far as the boat goes, we'll weather the storm, but we've always practiced in fair weather and I'm afraid of being washed onto Davy Jones' coral reefs (so called because anything that hit them or got tangled up in them got a free ticket to Davey Jones' locker) if the wind blows hard. I tell you we might as well get used to a rough sea now as never. Let's get a lunch and go out past the three mile limit and conquer the big waves. If we get back safely I'll wager we can win the race," Ed joyfully cried.

"It's a go," howled Pete. So they glided into port, ate lunch, packed a few sandwiches in the yacht and, full of adventure, they shot out for the high seas.

"Man, Listen to her blow. Say, doesn't she hold her own fine in these waves?" said Ed.

"As far as the waves are concerned we have nothing to prevent our return to Bayford. But what if there were reefs in this section of the sea like Bayford's reef," responded Pete Sanderson.

"There is no danger of reefs," said Ed. "We are just about a mile off our

own reefs now. You can't see the island on account of the mist, but I know where we are. We've just been going in a circle."

Pete said nothing for a while but just kept staring ahead trying to see the island of Bayford which Ed had assured him was straight ahead. Pete gave a cry of surprise, "Sure enough there's the island, but Lord have mercy on our sinful souls! There are the breakers that hide the outer edges of Davey Jones' reefs! Do you realize that we're probably not less than one hundred yards away from the end of the last ridge of reefs!"

"Well what of it Pete? By sailing straight ahead we'll miss them and get to the island safely. It's lucky though that I didn't start turning in sooner, or we would have hit them squarely I believe."

"If a strong gust of wind comes up you'll hit them anyway, I'm thinking," said the dispondent one. "Of course it makes no difference to me because that last string of breakers holds no terrors for my skill at swimming, but you'll be minus a boat to race in and I'll probably get pneumonia and—"

"Oh shut up, grab the end of that mast will you. I'm going to make this fast as possible," ordered Ed King.

"Say it's all right to show your nerve but use discretion; don't give all the sail to the wind or we'll turn over," howled the former prize fighter.

Ed just smiled and with a reckless shift cut in on the reef for he knew that only by the greatest of accidents would the yacht be drawn in amongst the breakers. Occasional gusts of wind had played with the boat; now a stronger gust came that made the boat dip and Pete shiver. The boat righted itself again just in time to receive the full blast of a typical Key Island hurricane. Snap went the mast and the sail fell in the water! Pete was jerked off his balance and he followed it. Ed with all his grit tried to save the boat with oars but since they were now amongst the waves surrounding the reefs, the next breakers dashed the boat against the sharp edge of a coral rock, and Ed went in amongst the fish. He came up in time to see Pete, swimming with all his strength for the shore. But bruised and shaken up as he was, Ed swam around sorrowfully for a second or so in the spot where he had lost his boat, the race, and probably the friendship of his father.

"Gee," sputtered Ed. "Am I the only one bad luck can pick on?" He soon followed in the path of Pete and upon reaching the shore found Pete waiting for him and of course Pete waiting to say, "I told you so."

"You win," sadly replied Ed. "But how did I know the mast wouldn't hold?"

"Let's forget it, Ed," said Pete. "I'll help explain to your father, and what's five thousand dollars anyway?" And arm in arm, firmer friends than ever, they walked off.

Naturally Captain Larson wasn't overjoyed when he heard the news but instead of being angry he praised the two young men for handling things as well as they did.

"If you had fallen on your heads against a rock," said Ed's step-father, "you might never have reached the shore. Although I don't think the race will be postponed you might try to rent or buy another boat, I'll pay the expenses."

"Let's try to get old Dan's yacht," said Pete.

Ed was despondent enough to submit to anything and they started toward old Dan the saloon keepers' cabin.

"Say, there's no chance of our winning but I have an idea that we can show that crowd of yellow livered, bribing, Bayford sporting directors a thing or two. You know that yacht of mine that was made for sailing before a fan instead of a breeze? Well let's enter the race in that. There's just room enough for two and I think with a little trimming we can hold her right side up until we feel like having an exciting wreck," chuckled Ed.

"All right I feel like doing anything. We should fret if we get wet. I'll bet we can beat almost anybody around here at swimming," wagered Pete.

So having put the little yacht in rediness and having explained things to the excited crowd who wanted the particulars about the recent accident, they retired to make ready for their adventure the next day.

The starting place was set at the old Andean docks just in front of the reefs. Amongst other yachts, Ed's yacht, "Flying Fish" glided to shore.

Having ordered the surrounding people to be as quiet as possible, fat old Judge Harrington, one of the wealthy inhabitants of Bayford, started his speech.

"This day, with the exception of occasional gusts, is an ideal one for yachting. We have twelve yachts entering the race, including Ed King's toy, the "Flying Fish." The first prize is five thousand dollars, the second, twenty-five hundred, and the third, one thousand. We will start here at the docks when the pistol is fired and from there on it is up to the yachtsmen to choose the shortest routes. The racing yachts can be kept as close to the shore throughout the race as possible and if anyone feels like cutting off three miles by going through Davie's Reefs, why he is free to do so. I thank you." And the Judge started off towards the floating yachts, rolling impatiently on the water.

"Bang," sounded the gun and almost in a line, twelve yachts left the starting point. The "Flying Fish" held its own for five miles and after skillful manoeuvring Ed and Pete ran their yacht in closest to the shore for on account of the depth one could come within three yards of the shore with ease. The line of people along the banks was continuous and they sailed amid much shouting. Every one seemed to want company for the boats all kept close together. "By Jingo we'll win this race yet!" joyfully cried Pete. "We're losing out a little but I'll bet when it comes to rounding those reefs we'll make time on the corners."

"The deuce you will," they heard a rowdy in the boat next to them holler.

They paid no attention to this taunt for under their handicaps they were so jubilant at their success that even Pete did not try to pick a fight. When the wind became stronger they lost out a little for they dared take no chances and besides they felt that they would overcome the quarter of a mile between them and the leading boat when they reached the reefs. They felt that no one could be so experienced as they when it came to avoiding reefs.

Sure enough they did begin to gain when the reefs and breakers hove into sight. Some of the racing yachts kept up the same speed and gave the reefs a wide berth; others slowed down and veritably "cut corners." However the spectators saw the "Flying Fish" keep up the same speed and cut corners even more closely than the others.

About the third ridge of coral reefs, for there were six separate ridges, they caught up with everyone except the boat from which they had caught the business end of forcible talk about the beginning of the race. Now at nearly

the end they seemed their only competitors. With a shout from Pete they passed it on the next to the last ridge.

"Don't get to confident now Ed," said Pete. "Cut in on that last ridge but go slow."

A sudden squall forced them to slacken their speed considerably for their sail nearly touched some of the higher waves. Their opponents following a few yards behind took advantage and tried to cut in on them, but in spite of the wind Ed let the boat go full speed until they were right next to the last reef and then as before they were cut in on.

"Look out," cried Ed, "you'll run us onto the reef!"

"Move over," was the reply they received. Pete desperately shoved at the approaching craft with an oar and only knowing that he was shoving the other craft out of its course he also altered the course of the "Flying Fish" by a few inches. But inches counted in this situation and try as they did the end of the boat hit a sharp edge. They saw water come in through a hole in the side and in a moment the yacht and crew went under.

They both came up but in the excitement Ed was tossed up by a wave onto the reefs and his head hit something hard—then all was darkness.

When Ed's brain was clear again he heard a voice very faint and indistinct saying, "You lost out in the race kid, but you sure cleaned up on the honors. You've buried the yellow flag forever.

—KENNETH BUTLER, '22.



His Last Ride

Uncle Rastus bought a ticket,
To the Benville county fair,
For he wondered what in tunket
They were showin' off out there.

Jacob drove him to the station,
And he took the east bound train;
My, but he was looking stylish
With his shiny, gold topped cane.

Straight into the car he strutted,
High silk hat and white cravat;
But—the train, it started quickly,
And more quickly Rastus sat.

“Oh, my lovely hat is ruined!”
Rose a sad and plaintive cry;
But the passengers were laughing
With their faces all awry.

Uncle Rastus rose sedately,
And he started for the door,
How he got off, none remember
But he boards a train no more.
ELLEN COUPER. '22.



Time Flies

Far away among the mountains
Where the wild beasts like to roam;
In a tiny, shadowed valley,
Stands a large, old-fashioned home.

Through this long forgotten mansion
Runs a broad old-fashioned hall;
Shields and cutlasses of warriors,
Hang upon its faded walls.

Still within the weed grown garden
Sweet and fragrant flowers bloom;
But between those walls so moss-grown
Reigns the silence of a tomb.

Should you chance to ask its owner,
Of some villager who's near,
He would very likely tell you
In a manner quaint and queer

How the owner was a hermit
And he lived all by himself;
No one knew just where he came from
Nor to whom he left his pelf.

"Yes, the old man he was buried
Many and many a year ago;
'Twas the year that I was fifty,
Now I'm seventy-two you know."

But that's just the way with hermits,
Those whose lives are so forlorn;
After they are dead and buried,
Who is there that's left to mourn?

—ELLEN COUPER, '22.





JUNIORS

Once there was an awful nice class
In old Madera Hi,
An' folks laughed at their pranks and plays,
Until I thought they'd die;
An' seein' how much fun they got
Outer just a watchin' them,
I'm going to tell you what they did
And how they all got by.

Well, first they took the school paper
I don't see how they did it!
An' with the help of Miss E. O.
They managed to perfect it.
They filled it full of jokes and news
An' almos' anything
An' made great sport of the Freshman babes,
Who couldn't say a thing.

An' then they gave a pretty play,
An' "Prunella" was its name
An' as hero to the little maid
Bernard revealed his fame.
An' when the Sophomores gave a treat,
Because they lost the sale
The Juniors gave the party back
An' good eats did not fail.

But the best of fun of that happy year,
Was the funeral for those gone,
One day the Seniors slipped away,
And left 'em all alone,
An' so they had a funeral
An' buried those dear friends,
But back they came and rose again,
And Juniors made amends!

But that's enough for this time
This year is almost thru'
I hope you've got the right idea
Of the class of '22.

—LUCILE GRAHAM, '22.





SOPHOMORE



I met an ancient prophet
And he stopped me one of three
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

He holds me with his skinny hand
"I am Father Time" quoth he,
"The short and fat, the thin and tall,
Alike must they answer to me."

"The Sophomore doings I must have
And quickly must you tell."
He paused, I murmured, "If I must,"
For I knew them very well.

"Parties a few and good ones too
But one stands clear in my sight,
'Twas the party we gave the Juniors grave,
When they won in the Purple and
White.

"Athletics we've boosted always,
And we've courage to act on a
hunch;
When we've lost, we've lost well, but I'm
proud to tell
In baseball we'd surely some punch.

"When one fine day some rash ones
Ditched to swim and were hauled
back to school,
They served out their time and ever since
then
They dream no more of the pool.

"I paused, and looked about me
Old Time—he was not there
To record our deeds I know he'd gone
I'm sure he'll be just and fair."
—BETSY McBRIDE, '23.



FRESHMEN



Look at them, look at them,
Almost a hundred,
Into Madera High
 Progressing onward
Jeered at on every side,
While at new work they plied,
They wouldn't turn aside,
 Stalwart one hundred!

Seniors to left of them,
Juniors to right of them,
Sophomores in front of them,
 On came that hundred.
Sophomores they bravely dared,
Seniors they truly spared,
Their thoughts of the Juniors aired,
 While the rest wondered.

On with the Freshmen then,
They did their finest when,
Their best was asked of them;
 They served their High School.
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to serve their High,
 Gallant one hundred.

—DOROTHY BROWN, '24.







Freshmen B's

There was tumult in the high school,
For the Freshmen B's had come,
We made it in a half a year,
This class of twenty-one.

We entered into high school,
Full of life and zest;
Kenneth made the tennis team;
Our scholarship's the best.

We have worked and we have striven
Our just reward to gain,
Although we're nowhere near the goal
We'll get there just the same.

—DORIS THOMPSON, '24.





(1920)

Allen, Laura is attending San Jose Normal.
 Blood, Velma is attending San Jose Normal.
 Cavin, Orlo is studying farming at Davis.
 Cavin, Clyde is studying farming at Davis.
 Coffee, Raymond is learning the jeweler's trade in Tulare.
 Cosgrave, Thomas is attending U. C.
 Crow, Sabra is living at home.
 Crowder, Olive is a student at U. C.
 Freeman, Enid is taking a library course at U. C.
 Friedberger, Leo is a student at Santa Clara.
 Griffen, Dorthy is attending U. C.
 Houston, Donald is working on his ranch near Madera.
 Kehl, Frances is living at home.
 Kendall, Thelma is stenographer in Maxim and Coghlan's office.
 Lewis, Edna is a student at Healds.
 Longatti, Alma is bookkeeper at A. Franchi.
 Mosteller, Gerald is attending U. C.
 Noble, Cornelius is a student at Santa Clara.
 Porter, Evelyn is attending Munson's Secretarial School in San Francisco.
 Rea, Florence is a stenographer in the Madera Abstract Office.
 Shupe, Raymond is working in the First National Bank of Madera.
 Waag, Lois is attending U. C.
 Wattenbarger, Elmer is a student at U. C.
 Williams, Marjorie is attending the College of Pacific.
 Wood, Louis is farming on his vineyard in the Eastin District.

(1919)

Brewer, Vera is attending Santa Barbara Normal.
 Brown, Mrs. Shirley (Eunice Cook) resides in Madera.
 Coffee, Everett is a sophomore at U. C.
 Dowell, Victoria is stenographer and cashier for the local Telephone Co.
 Faust, Marian is stenographer for A. B. Brown & Co., in Fresno.
 Garst, Iva is training at the Burnett Sanitarium in Fresno.
 Lusk, Gladys is bookkeeper for the Fresno Gas Co.
 Rector, Mrs. Opie (Vera Lewis) is also a student at Fresno Normal.
 Roach, Mrs. O. C. (Lois Mitchell) is living in Madera.
 Shedd, Merritt is working for the Union Oil Company.

Theis, Sadie is attending Heald's in Fresno.
Williams, Cecil is a student at the California School of Fine Arts in San Francisco.

Williams, Iola is attending Pomona College.

(1918)

Desmond, Edmond is farming near Madera.
Hunter, Florence is employed as stenographer at Waterman's Garage in Fresno.

Kegel, Francis is also engaged in farming.

Late, Clara is working in San Francisco.

Mosley, Mrs. St. Elmo (Marie Autrand) lives in Madera.

Lynch, Eva is bookkeeper at Bondesen's.

Meilike, Carl is selling groceries at his father's store.

Michaelson, Aurora is attending Junior College in Fresno.

Ninnis, Mrs. Ralph (Josephine Olivia) lives in Fresno.

Newman, Lois is attending U. C.

Owens, May is also a student at U. C.

Quigley, Alan is employed at the local post office.

Rhodes, Betty finishes her course this summer at the Children's Hospital in San Francisco.

Secara, Mrs. Delbert (Anna Shirk) resides near Madera.

Vanderburgh, Lyall is attending Stanford.

Williams, Lawrence is an employee of the San Joaquin Light and Power Co.

Wilson, Blanche is making good as an office aid in the Ship yards.

Wren, Genevieve holds a responsible position as stenographer in Fresno.

(1917)

Bareroft, David is practising law in Madera.

Brickey, Marvin is attending Stanford.

Crow, Lyla is living in Madera.

Donavan, Marguerite is teaching in San Francisco.

Dromey, Marie is an established fixture in the Sugar Pine Office.

Gambrill, Lucile resides in Oakland.

Healy, Miriam completed her four years at U. C. in May.

Hoover, Mrs. Elmer (Deltha Stevens) resides in Dos Palos.

Hutchting, Paul is farming in San Diego.

Lasater, Olsen is employed at the Sugar Pine Mill.

Meilike, Louise is doing journalism work in Berkeley.

Mickel, Mary is a student at U. C.

McCabe, Vivian is bookkeeper for Breyfogle and Chamberlin.

Palmer, Mrs. Paul (Maurine Griffin) resides in Colorado.

Ripperdan, Sabina holds a position as stenographer in Fresno.

Theis, Barbara is teaching in Fresno County.

Trinidad, Mabel graduated in May from U. C.

Willis, Alliene is kindergarten teacher in the local schools.

Our Alumni

They have ended their high school days,
And their trials and troubles begun;
They are facing the world alone,
With its many works to be done.

They are traversing unknown paths,
But the friends they leave behind,
Are ever breathing their names
In accents respectful and kind.

We hope they successful may be,
That the future forever be bright,
That their paths from all rocks may be
free,
And no shadows obscure their sight.

We know they have courage to bear
Any hardships which stand in their
way;
They will ever fight for the right
May they ever conquer the day!

Purple and White Staff

EDITOR



DORIS SNYDER

MANAGER



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Josh	Marion Gale
Class Editors:	
Senior	James Dickey
Junior	Lucile Graham
Sophomore	Ruth Grove
Freshman	Ralph Teall





Growth

Since last year the student body of the Madera Union High school has made many strides towards the development of a bigger and better school. It has increased not only in number, but it has increased in interest, sports and social activities.

Probably the greatest stride was made when the school purchased a moving picture machine. It may seem like a small and useless thing for a school to give moving pictures, but it is not. The school is the place where mothers can safely send their girls and boys and feel that they are seeing good, clean pictures. Oftentimes pictures are put on the screens that are not fit for children and young folks to see, but in the high school there are no cheap, dime novel shows.

Another great step in development is the organization of the Girls' League. It was introduced this year and already it has helped the morale of the school and is trying to develop a sisterly feeling between upper and lower classmen. The upper classmen have made it their duty to take care of the Freshmen and the others that are timid or bashful. It is their work to see that the timid ones are brought out and their good points developed.

The Juniors set a precedent this year by giving a Junior play. It was a great success and we expect it will be followed in the coming years. But the Juniors are not the only ones to set a precedent for the Boys' Glee Club gave a minstrel show for the first time.

This is the first time in years that the school has undertaken the task of entertaining the Alumni. The cooking classes have grown so that it was possible for them to prepare the entire banquet.

Plans have been made to enlarge the annex in order that the cooking classes will have more room and for a cafeteria which is to be added as well as

the larger and greatly improved shop. The dress making classes have grown so much that this year they were able to give a very creditable fashion show.

Last year the total number enrolled was 253 while this year it has overstepped the 300 mark. Last year's Freshmen numbered ninety-eight while this year there was a total enrollment of one hundred and thirty. Also a Freshmen B class entered in February, which will be the first class to graduate in the middle of the school term. With increase in students, the faculty has increased from thirteen to fifteen.

Do not think for a minute that the Madera High School has fallen down in sports, for it has not. This year, in spite of light weight men, the school went in for football for the first time in years and came out on top. The rooters were a success as well as the players because Madera High knows what good rooting can do.

Is football the only new sport? No! We have taken up track for the first time and have found some splendid material for next year. Tennis is another thing. We have taken such an interest in it that there have been closely contested interclass matches. We are the proud possessors of the San Joaquin Valley championship. Girls' baseball is another sport that has been taken up this year.

Another proof of the growth of the student body is the increase in the treasury. The Students' Co-operative Association has had the privilege of buying school equipment at wholesale prices and in doing so has greatly reduced expenses. The total receipts of the Students' Co-operative Association on May 10 were \$2,386.03, just twice that of last year. The sale of candy alone has brought a steady revenue into the treasury.

Madera High School has rapidly climbed out of the small school class and is fast assuming the responsibilities and victories of a good sized, well controlled organization.





DRAMATICS



Fourteen

On the evening of the Dedication of the new auditorium "Fourteen" was presented by the fourth year English class.

Mrs. Pringle, who was very ambitious to have her daughter Elaine make a good match, was giving a dinner in honor of Oliver Farnsworth, whom she hoped to secure for her daughter.

Mr. Farnsworth was forced to decline because of an out-of-town call. His hostess was in a rage but she was forced to go through many more disappointments before the climax came.

The butler brought in a card announcing the Prince of Wales and his body guard whom Oliver Farnsworth had sent in his place.

Mrs. Pringle in a blaze of triumph ended the comedy with the words, "I shall take the Prince in myself."

The cast of characters was:

Mrs. Pringle	Doris Enyder
Elaine Pringle	Marion Eewell
Dunham, the butler	James Dickey

The Minstrel Show

The Boys' Glee Club, under the supervision of Miss Hidden and Miss Hawkins, presented the first entertainment which it has ever attempted, by staging a four-act minstrel show.

The first act opened with the circle which sang many songs and cracked jokes on various members of the faculty and students.

Bashful Henry and Loving Lucy proved to be the hit of the evening for each had practiced many a long hour until Henry had become as bashful as Lucy was loving.

The "Lady" of the short melodrama, "The Hand of Fate," who had taken screaming lessons from certain members of the faculty, finally brought her hero rushing to her.

"Carmen," the opera, contained more real music than any other act put on. It also produced many laughs.

Program—

Act I

Tobacco Blossom	Harvey Knowles
Lucky Strike	Willie Pedras
Ivory Dome	Molden Baker
Will Swindle	Adolph Picchi
Ra-di-ator	George Dyer
Mike Gosh	Ralph Teall
Lotts Large	Emmett Whiteside
Snowball Black	Carlos Cosgrave
Mr. Johnson	Lawrence Petty

Act II

Bashful Henry	Lawrence Macon
Loving Lucy	Lawrence Ellis

Act III

A Melodrama—"In the Hands of Fate"—

Cavil Cavinaugh	Carlton Wood
Gladys	Lucien Scott
Jack Manly	Carlton Wood

Act IV

Short three-act play taken from "Carmen"—

Carmen	William Berrier
Jose	Wilbur Russell
Toreador	James Hess
Mechallo	Eugene Mallory

Prunella

The Junior Class started the precedent of a Junior play when it gave "Prunella" on March 31st in the auditorium.



Prunella was a modest maid,
She lived in a house that stood in the shade
She had no relations but queer aunts three,
Prim, Prude and Privacy.

One night when it was very dark,
And no stars were out, not the least little spark,
There came some mummers, who with dancing and song,
Beckoned the maid till she went along.

Three long years she was away from home,
When cruel, gay Pierrot left her to roam,
But her old maid aunts kept a light at the gate,
That she find her way if she came home late.

One day she returned to the house in the shade,
 But no one was there, not a single old maid,
 Then she knelt down in front of the Love statue of stone,
 And spoke out her heart, all, all, alone.

When in thru the gate to that very spot
 Came the mummers, forgetful, who knew her not,
 And with the tired mummers came Pierrot, too;
 She told her tale, but they thought it untrue.

But finally convinced that she was his wife,
 In his heart, it all stopped, that struggle and strife,
 That tore at his soul when he thought of the way
 He had left her alone, on that long-ago day.

For he had her again and what more did he want
 No aunts and no mummers his brave could daunt,
 And that night by the house that stood in the shade,
 Pierrot to his heart, held Prunella, his maid.

—MARIE LICHTI, '23.



Cast of characters—

Prunella	Marion Sewell
Pierrot	Bernard Dickey
Scaramel	Glenn Freeman
Mouth	Gerald Thede
Hawk	James Warner
Kennel	Lawrence Petty
Callow	Lawrence Ellis
Tawdry	Lois Gibbs
Doll	Pansy Hope
Coquette	Arza Hughes

Romp	Margery Stafford
Prim	Linda Walling
Prude	Madge Dubray
Privacy	Helen Ennis
Gardners	Wilbur Russell, Thomas Carrol, Ralph Teall
Gardners' Boy	Elias Gallardo
Tenor	William Berrier
Quaint	Hope Gabrielson
Queer	Beth Teall
Love (a statue)	Carlos Cosgrave

The Feast of the Little Lanterns

"The Feast of the Little Lanterns," a Chinese operetta, which was given by the Girls' Glee Club, May 13, 1921, was a great success.

The ancestral estate of Prince Chan is to revert to the Royal Domain in case there are not two surviving children. The Princess' brother and sister had been lost in the mountains when they were children and the Princess has been left alone.

The first act opens with the celebration of the Feast of the Little Lanterns. The Governess, who tried to regulate affairs, is the cause of consid-



erable laughter. The Japanese juggler maid entertains with mysterious things concealed in her sleeve.

In the second act, the Princess' sorrow is turned to joy, when the juggler maid is discovered wearing a locket containing a half coin which exactly matches the one worn by the Princess. The two girls recognize each other as sisters. They are then able to keep the old home.

Characters:

Princess Chan (A Chinese heiress)	Ruth Wakefield
Mai Ku (A Japanese juggler maid)	Mary Baker
Wee Ling (The Princess' maid)	Fay Stephenson
Ow Long (Princess' governess)	Marie Moore
Chorus	Glee Club

All-of-a-Sudden Peggy

"All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," a three-act comedy, given by the Seniors at the High School auditorium on June 7th, played successfully to a crowded house.

Anthony, Lord Crackenthorpe, was intensely interested in trap-door spiders. It was thought this work that Anthony had been caught in the net which Mrs. O'Mara had set for him. Archie, Anthony's uncle, and Lady Cracken-



thorpe plotted together to divert the affections of Mrs. O'Mara's daughter, Peggy, from Anthony to Jimmy.

This proved quite successful considering that it was exactly what Peggy wished to happen for she wanted Anthony to marry her mother.

Complications set in when Jimmy went back to London for Peggy followed him announcing that she and Jimmy had eloped. In the meanwhile Anthony had announced to Lady Crackenthorpe that he and Mrs. O'Mara were to be married.

After an interesting little scene in the second act the third act took place at Hawkhurst where everything was settled.

Cast—

Anthony, Lord Crackenthorpe	Elton Macon
The Hon. Jimmy Keppel	William Berrier
Jack Menzies	James Dickey
Parker	Lawrence Macon
Lucas	Curtis Walling
Lady Crackenthorpe	Geneva Gibbs
The Hon. Millicent Keppel	Dolly Evans
The Hon. Mrs. Colquhoun	Kathryn Grove
Mrs. O'Mara	Ora Moore
Peggy	Bertha Wood
Archie	Harvey Knowles

Amor Inocente

(Innocent Love)

A Spanish play was given Senior class day by the second year Spanish class under the supervision of Miss Allin.

Don Pantaleon, father of Filadelfa, is very particular as to the company she keeps. She is desperately in love with a young man, of which fact her father knows nothing.

When her father leaves, her lover Amandino gets out of a big trunk in which he has been concealed. But her father returns very soon, and Amandino hides in the bed.

Don Pantaleon feels very sick, and has Basilia go upstairs to call the doctor. He leaves the room to write a letter, and the Doctor comes in and seeing Amandino in bed, thinks he is the sick person, and prescribes remedies.

When the Doctor leaves, Amandino gets up to hurry away but just as he gets his hat on, Don Pantaleon returns to the room, and thinking he is the doctor, begins to tell him how he feels.

Amandino decides to tell him the whole matter and Filadelfa begs her father's forgiveness. When Don Pantaleon finds out that Amandino has quite a good sum of money, he consents to the marriage.

Cast:

Don Pantaleon	Stanley Windrem
Filadelfa	Alice Sewell
Basilia, the maid	Marie Lichti
Amandino	Adolph Picchi
El Doctor	Norman Michaelson

L'Anglais, Tel Qu'on Le Parle

"L'Anglais Qu'on Le Parle" was presented by the French class as a part of the Class Day program.

The play opens with Julien, a young Frenchman and his sweetheart, Betty, an English girl in a hotel in Paris, where they are hiding from Betty's father. Betty speaks French slightly and Julien speaks English well, but when Betty's father appears on the scene, he does not speak or understand French. Since the interpreter is posing falsely, Hogson, the father can not make himself understood and the interpreter tells the policeman that some jewels have been stolen, instead of the fact that his daughter has eloped.

But all turns out right in the end when Julien gets a better position and Hogson consents to his daughter's marriage.

Cast of characters:

Eugene, interpreter	Jennie Ospital
Hogson, pere de Betty	Romana Wells
Julien Cicandel	Doris Snyder
Un Inspecteur	Kathryn Grove
Un Garcon	Annie Ospital
Betty	Mary Baker
La Caissiere	Florence Allen



SOCIETY

SOCIETY 1920-1921

As I was walking by Ceelia Graham's house one night deeply pondering a question which the Editor-in-Chief had put before me I suddenly remembered that Celia, one of the popular upper-classmen, kept a diary of all her social events. The next day I cornered her and forced her to allow me to use her diary to record the social events of the high school year. I am herewith transmitting them to you for your approval.

Yours for a good time,

SOCIETY EDITOR.

October 1.—

SOPHOMORE PARTY

Tonight as the Sophomores were to have a real mask party a group of us dressed as little kids and with our short dresses we almost looked like real Sophomores. We slipped in amongst the Sophs to see what sort of a party they could give. Needless to say we departed before the masks were removed.

The gym was richly arranged in the Sophomore colors, blue and gold.

The dance lovers were enticed by the jazzy strains of the Victrola and the peppy tunes played by the William's twins.

Sorry to say we had to go home before the refreshments were served but by peeping into the kitchen we discovered that they looked so appetizing that we hastily left before we were tempted too much.

October 15.—

FRESHMEN RECEPTION

My head is still ringing from the shock of seeing so many Freshmen at once but I shall set down exactly what happened.

The roomy old gym was decorated in its new and artistic dress of pink and green.

The huge table in the center of the room was loaded with the refreshments for the evening. The bowls of cosmos, pink zenias, and the shaded lights all added in making the place attractive.

The feature of the evening was the Tuesday night Faculty Meeting. I was shocked to see the dignitaries so cleverly imitated by some of my schoolmates. Mr. Teall was represented by the highly respected and very dignified James Warner. The pseudo Mr. Teall gazed at the ceiling and rumbled his hair as many frightened and quaking Freshmen were called before him and reprimanded for their faults.

Next very clever and unique advice was given to the green ones by the class presidents.

After the refreshments were served an orchestra furnished music for the dance.

At eleven o'clock there was a noisy hunt for wraps and the tiny ones were soon on their way. I heard one little fellow say, "Ain't they good sports after all," and I wondered about whom he was talking.

December 3.—

FRESHMEN PARTY

Mother said to me tonight, "Celia, dear, you'll have to take Susy to the Freshmen party, I wouldn't think of letting her go alone." So I put on my dress-up clothes and taking Susy by the hand went to the party.

The party was given in the gym and had been announced as a "hard time" party. Very few had really caught the idea of bringing down old H. C. L. Sylvia Greene "took the cake" for she wore a blue spotted apron, much the worse for wear, and her small hat was adorned with an immense feather.

Many "kiddy" games were played. Winkum proved to suit the youngsters best. It was a sight to see Miss McSweeney flying from seat to seat. A peanut race was also indulged in, with everyone carefully hurrying and peanuts flying in every direction.

At ten o'clock refreshments were served. After eating all that there was to eat, the babies knowing that the teachers needed their beauty sleep, wisely decided to go home to their mothers quite early.

There's Susy laughing in her sleep so I must turn off the light.

December 21.—

THE ALUMNI BANQUET

I'm sleepy but I'll have to jot it down.

The evening for the long looked for, carefully planned Alumni Banquet has come and gone.

It was a gala event and even the gym had caught the fever and had donned its evening clothes to welcome the Alumni. It appeared as though transformed by fairies.

Everywhere I looked I saw greetings going on, some effusive and some surprised.

The first part of the evening was spent in getting acquainted all over again and gazing around to see who was there. Really, to me it sounded like a huge hive of bees, each one trying to see how fast he could buzz in the shortest time.

Suddenly the lights were turned out. Giggles, gasps and tiny cries were heard from every corner of the reception hall. Out of the darkness came a clear voice, "The banquet is served."

Many exclamations and startled sentences were heard, for in the dimness we faced the banquet hall which was lighted by the tiny Christmas trees which formed the centerpiece of each table. Dainty little paper Christmas trees had been designed by the art class as place cards.

Craig Cunningham had been chosen to act as toast master. Mr. Teall welcomed the Alumni back to their old stamping ground. Philip Conley in behalf of the Alumni spoke on "The Prodigal Son." While Marjorie Williams of last year's class, spoke of her experiences for one year. Max Millard representing the Senior Class asked that the old custom be revived of entertaining the Alumni each year. It was so voted.

As a side issue from the speeches, Mrs. Trueman Lanningham and a male quartette consisting of Stanley Ford, Mr. Mathews, Mr. Teall and Mr. Sheldon sang some songs which were appreciated by all.

After the banquet the evening was spent in dancing and playing cards.

February 5.—

SOPHOMORE JUNIOR PARTY

Tonight the Junior's stepped down from their dignified perch and mingled with the giggling Sophomores.

After becoming acquainted with each other the party walked sedately (?) over to the auditorium where the Sophomores had procured at a very heavy expense, some of the world's most famous singers and dancers. Even the New York Metropolitan Orchestra had journeyed here to entertain the crowd with its jazzy tunes.

Caruso, Mrs. Caruso, and Galli-Curci sang their best beloved songs.

A scene full of wit was the clever impersonation of a modern John Alden and Priscilla. Those two lovers disclosed many pieces of secret scandal, much to the horror and embarrassment of the Juniors.

Last came Madame Pavlowa, the widely celebrated toe dancer. This came as a shock but the dazzling shock was approved by many.

At the conclusion with many murmurs of discontent at the brevity we trampled back through the fancily decorated road to partake in dancing.

February 5.—

SENIOR PARTY

Now! Who was to tell us that those tiny kiddies trooping into the annex were the dignified Seniors. A bunch of us rushed over to see what the wee grammar school youngsters were doing at the high school. We dashed madly for the windows to see what was going on. We first spied Miss Bennink, with a glistening white apron tied around her waist bustling busily around, superintending the cooking of the goodies for her babies, who were no other than the illustrious Seniors.

We were so surprised that we could hardly see what was happening. Each one was hurrying around, some turning the meat, some heating potatoes, some setting the table, some stirring the gravy.

When they had each helped themselves to a helping of pork chops, mashed potatoes and gravy, not forgetting a cup of coffee, they sat down at one long table and soon their tongues were flying as fast as their forks.

Immense pieces of lemon pie were served as a gentle reminder, to the boys especially, that every thing had disappeared. Everyone trooped into the sewing room where games were enjoyed by each and all.

February 25.—

SENIORS SURPRISE MISS BENNINK

1—2—3—14—15—16—

Just imagine, sixteen years old and never been kissed! The seniors made an event of this occasion and greatly surprized Miss Bennink with a party.

"Sh! Sh! Here she comes! Everyone keep quiet! Dolly stop your giggling!" Such were the sounds which came from the lightless annex one Friday night in January.

Oh! Only Doris."

"Here she comes really, now everyone keep quiet."

Sure enough it was Miss Bennink escorted by a bunch of teachers.

Games became quite exciting, so exciting that Miss Bennink was discovered tying a handkerchief around some boy's leg.

Every Senior had appeared and each seemed to be full of pep for the party and things hummed.

The surprise of the evening came after slices of apple and mince pie a-la-mode had been served. After the lights had been turned off, a big birthday cake was brought in. It was a joke to watch each Senior as he craned his neck forward to count the candles but he was doomed to disappointment for Miss Bennink's secret had been guarded and only sixteen candles lighted up the cake.

After the refreshments had been served cards occupied the guest's attention and it was only a few minutes before the clock striking eleven drove the peppy crowd home.

February 26.—

FRESHMEN ENTERTAIN FRESHMEN

"Please, sister, mama says that I can't go to the party unless you take me."

"All right, Susy, I'll take you but thank goodness you'll soon be a Sophomore."

The gym had been artistically decorated for the wiser ones had determined to give the Brightest Green ones a very nice party.

The early part of the evening was spent in games. It was amusing to watch poor Edward White trying to vamp the girls in Winkum.

During the evening the bigger boys insisted upon tormenting their little brothers by untying their shoe-strings and all such mean little tricks.

Hot chocolate, cake and sandwiches were served to the hungry mob.

April.—

JUNIOR SOPHOMORE PARTY

The poor little Sophomores hunted up the dictionary when they received their invitations to a Jinx to be given by the Juniors. The Juniors were quite mysterious about it all and of course the Sophs were excited.

The gym was gayly decorated and along one side booths for amusement had been set up. As "money" had been given out at the door we all went to see the attractions. There was a wild man, skinny man, fat woman, Madame Wiggle and fortune tellers.

Between dances punch and pop corn balls could be purchased. Prizes were given at dances for the couple stopping on the lucky number.

Pink and white ice-cream cones were passed around to finish out the generous evening.

April 11.—

What a terrible day today has been. It has been so very busy because the Cooking Class entertained the Board of Trustees at a dinner given in the annex.

At seven o'clock the jolly crowd sat down at the table which was beautifully decorated with lilacs and pink roses. Around the centerpiece festoons of smilax had been draped.

After dinner a number of grand opera records were played on the school victrola. Interesting sidelights on each opera were given by Miss Hidden.

June 8.—

Juniors! Juniors!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

So the Seniors yelled as they departed from the gym tonight.

At eight o'clock everyone was eagerly waiting at the gym door to be allowed to enter the spacious building which had been artistically decorated in the senior colors, green and gold.

A clever little entertainment was given by the Juniors which showed well their dramatic ability and which was intensely enjoyed by the Seniors as well as the other guests.

Most of the evening was spent in card playing and dancing and the Juniors made themselves admirable hosts by seeing that there were no wall-flowers.

Late in the evening appetizing refreshments were served.

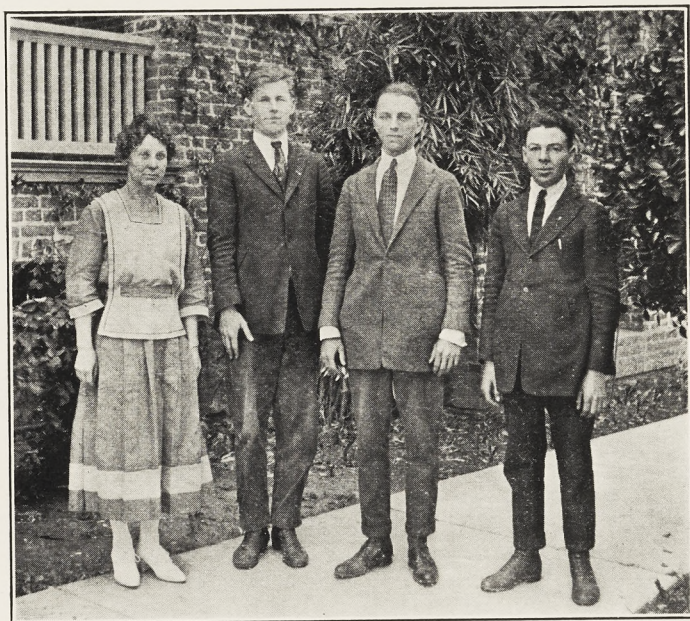
The Seniors left with many a backward glance for only then did they realize that the social activity of the year had come to an end.





Debating

Debating awoke from the sleep in which it had been for the last four years and took on a very active form for the year 1920-21. Heretofore debating had been confined except in a few instances to the sphere of inter-



class matches but this year the high school engaged in three inter-school debates.

The Fresno County League, of which Madera was a member, had charge of all debating activities and selected the questions. Madera was given the

question: "Resolved that Japan should be allowed to colonize in Manchuria and Eastern Siberia" and was to debate on it three times, twice on the negative and one on the affirmative side.

Miss Oerter, who had charge of debating in the high school, gave an opportunity to all debating enthusiasts to prove their ability in that line in a try-out before the student body. About twelve aspirants waxed eloquently pro and con whether the Japanese should be allowed to colonize in Manchuria and Siberia or not.

Kenneth Butler and Joseph Meilike were chosen to represent the high school in the first debate with Selma, upholding the negative.

The debaters were aided in their preparation by a trial debate before the student body in which Bertha Wood and Lucille Graham upheld the affirmative side of the same question. The negative won by a 2 to 1 decision but the closeness of it necessitated much revision in the negative arguments.

On December 17th the boys went to Selma and won the debate by 3 to 0 decision.

The next debate was with Fresno in which Madera had the affirmative of the question. James Dickey and Kenneth Butler represented Madera. The debate was held at Madera but Fresno won by a 3 to 0 decision although the Madera debaters did very well.

Madera next had the negative side of the question in a debate with Coalinga. Joseph Meilike and Kenneth Butler again represented Madera. The debate was won by Coalinga by the decision of the single judge.

During the latter part of the term there was some debating in the Freshman English classes.

Now that debating has been revived there will no doubt be debating with other schools again next year and with this year's experience back of them, our debaters will doubtless make even a better record.

Part-Time Students

Under the State Education Act, all people between the ages of sixteen and seventeen, living within three and one-half miles of a high school must attend school at least four hours a week. There were not enough girls to maintain a class for them but Mr. Mathews has twelve boys in his Saturday afternoon class. He gives them courses in subjects they are most interested in. These are shop mechanics, shop mathematics, practical English and a course in citizenship. A part of the time he reads wholesome interesting books to them.

Students' Co-operative Association

The great success of the Students' Co-operative Association last year was only the beginning of the greater one this year. There is a never ending business over its counter. Something there holds a great attraction for before and after school and even during the noon hour, the halls are filled with eager customers.

When investigated for the reason of this rushing business nothing could explain it better than the display of several shelves of candy. Hoeffler boxes almost covered the grounds after the first week, but violent measures were taken and the sale restricted until the students felt sure they could confine the boxes to waste paper baskets and refuse cans. Otherwise nothing bothered the candy sales until Mr. Rowe, athletic coach, denied the athletic teams any candy for a whole week before a track meet or any coming battle.

The book-shop has also carried another new line of merchandise this year and that is athletic equipment. The football team was fitted out through the book-shop and tennis balls, rackets and shoes have been a constant demand.

The establishment of the co-operative store has been one of the most successful undertakings the Student Body has ever indulged in. On May 9 the total receipts for the year were \$2,386.03. Its success has been due to both the good co-operation of the students and the advantage of having such good bookkeeper and overseer as we have in Miss McSweeney.

We have cut the ordinary business man's profit, gotten more for our money and just what we wanted when we needed it.

Agriculture

At the beginning of this term, Mr. Smith had charge of the course in Agriculture. There were three second year boys and four Freshmen enrolled. After a futile attempt of six weeks to enlarge the class, Mr. Smith decided it was not worth while to carry on such a small class, and handed in his resignation. As a result of this, two of the boys left school and took up farming. The remainder of the class took other subjects in the place of those dropped. They, however, continued the home work already begun, reporting to Mr. Sheldon once every month. Credit will be given for this work.

There will be no agricultural class next year. Some of the work will be given in connection with the General Science Course, if enough people want it. This is a course which would be very helpful to the boys of this community, especially.

The Gymnasium

The first of the year the gymnasium was equipped with the much longed for apparatus, including horizontal bars, traveling rings and mats. The students found all of these to be enjoyable as well as beneficial, giving the muscles strenuous exercise. The public was given a demonstration of the various exercises with the apparatus by the girls' gym classes.

The balcony has been supplied with portable bleachers making it possible to see all that takes place on the floor below.

The students of this school are very fortunate in having such a large and well equipped gymnasium which is so suitable for indoor sports and dancing and various school functions.

Addition to Annex

It is the plan of the Board of Trustees to make several alterations and additions to the shop and domestic science department during the summer at an approximate cost of \$15,000. Upon completion we will have one of the most modern and best equipped garages in this part of the state and most convenient quarters for those interested in home economics.

The garage will be built on to the east side of the south wing. A passageway will be left between the present building and the garage for the purpose of lighting the addition. A new line of tools will equip the garage.

The bench room will be moved into the present location of the forge and the mechanical drawing room will be in the north end of the west wing. This change is made because the new cafeteria, which will seat two hundred, will be located in their place. A steam table and other convenient devices are installed to give the patrons the very best service possible. A separate kitchen will adjoin the cafeteria which will be convenient to the last degree for our willing cooks. The present cooking and sewing rooms will be interchanged. There will be a separate dining room for the teachers, which will be used when luncheons are served.

The front entrance will be remodeled by having an attractive cement portico.

When the alterations and additions are completed we will have a building of which we may justly be proud.

Girls' Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club, now numbering thirty-nine, made its first appearance this year in the Armistice Day program at the Madera opera house.

The girls sang at the dedication of the new auditorium January twenty-first.



They also took part in the class day exercises at the end of the school year.

The singers appeared each time in their uniforms of white skirts and blue middies.

Cum Laude

Last year the precedent was set of awarding scholarship honors to the boy and girl from each class receiving the highest grades for the year. A small block M was given. This year a silver pin was awarded. Hereafter, a gold pin will be given in the senior year to the student making the scholarship record for the four years.

The honored this year are:

Freshman—

Lucile Burk

Ralph Teall

Sophomore—

Grace Williams

Cornelius Carroll

Junior—

Linda Walling

Joseph Meilike

Senior—

Kathryn Grove

Dan Sheldon

Fashion Show

Under the supervision of Miss Worthington the first and second year sewing classes gave an exhibition of their work for the year. It is the first time during the history of the school that this kind of an exhibit has been given.

A full account of each frock was given, naming the cost, material and color, as each model walked some twenty-five yards up the walk in front of the annex.

The fashion show was accompanied by music. The public was invited and quite a few attended.

Miss Worthington persuaded some little tots to aid the show having them parade in the children's dresses. Our sewing classes are to be complimented on their good taste and artistic tendencies in their up-to-the-minute fashions.



The Maderan

Madera, California
June 1, 1921

Miss Doris Snyder
Editor-in-Chief Purple and White
Madera Union High School
Dear Editor:

I am writing these few words, just to let you know that our paper is still in existence and prospering under the careful nursing of the Junior English classes and Miss Oerter, head nurse.

Several times of late, our faithful little charge, the Maderan, has passed through a financial crises but our business managers have responded nobly with the necessary prescriptions as any loving doctor should and saved the youngster's life.

The little fellow is now only three years old, but each year shows a greater improvement in his health and vigor and he is steadily growing in importance among the students of the school.

But our little friend has but one ailment, and that is his circulation. The circulation manager or, we might call him the heart of our little child, has been in a dormant state most of last term, thereby nearly causing the little patient serious heart trouble.

The mainstay in life of the Maderan has been the Editor and Chief both this semester and last. Pansy Hope and Virginia Knowles are the two persons of whom we speak. They have humored and played with the child, getting it ready every week for its journey among the students, that they might learn the news about school.

It is the only wish of the present staff, that is now caring for the child, that the next class that gets him under its supervision will be as kind and as motherly, and take as keen an interest in him as we have.

Yours cordially,

STAFF, The Maderan.

Orchestra



Aided by the addition of three more instruments the orchestra this year has, like other school activities, greatly improved.

Under the able direction of Miss Hidden the orchestra has entertained the audiences at the various theatricals and plays of the year. Although striving to give only high class selections it has occasionally offered some jazz in order to please everyone.

An orchestra concert was not given this year, but if the present plans of having orchestra practice every day are carried into effect one will be possible next year.

The orchestra consists of the following:

First Violins—Miss Hidden, directress; Adolph Picchi, Ray Cobb; second violin—Willie Pedras; cornet—Albert Shelly; clarinet—Clarence Leal; drum—Lawrence Brown; piano—Maxine Williams; trombone—Dan Sheldon.

Girls' League

A Girls' League has been formed this year under the supervision of Miss Hidden. This League is made up of all the girls who automatically become members when they enter high school.

At its first meeting talks were made by some of the girls who had attended schools which had Leagues of this sort. They commented upon the work which could be accomplished by this organization and of the benefit which it is to the girls of high school age.

Miss Hidden appointed a committee at the request of the girls, which consisted of representatives from the different classes. They drew up a constitution which was read and approved of at the second meetings.

The committee also submitted nominations for the different officers of the League which were voted upon. The following officers were elected:

Pansy Hope	President
Ruth Grove	Vice-President
Lucile Burk	Secretary
Grace Williams	Treasurer
Virginia Knowles	Chairman of Social Committee
Lois Gibbs	Chairman of Scholarship Committee
Rolline Harrington	Chairman of Athletic Committee

The new officers who were chosen will hold office until next February.

As the League has been organized only this year, it has not accomplished much, but it is hoped that more will be done next year.

The Boys' Lettermen Society

Shortly after football season quite a number of the football men signified their desire to organize a Lettermen Society. Accordingly a meeting of the football men was called. It was decided that all boys who secured a block "M" for participating in any form of athletics, should automatically become a member of the Lettermen Society.

The purpose of the society was to be three-fold, first, to stimulate and encourage all forms of athletics in the school; second, to have full charge of all athletic contests held on the school grounds, such as seeing that outsiders paid to witness the games and keeping them off the field so as not to interfere with the players; third, to give banquets or any other form of entertainment it saw fit, to members of visiting teams and to the new members of the society after they had received their "M's."

The society elected Maurice Thede for its first president. Its first venture was the entertaining of the Fresno track team early in April. Thanks to the co-operation the society received from the Junior girls, it was able to spread a splendid banquet. Following the dinner dancing was enjoyed in the gym, the music for which was furnished by members of the high school.

It is hoped that the Lettermen Society will continue to meet with similar success. Every boy in the high school who has not as yet won a block "M" should redouble his efforts in order that he too may become a member of the splendid organization.

Boys' Glee Club



The boys' Glee Club with Miss Hidden as teacher, was a great success this year.

Twenty-three members enrolled with this organization. They then elected their officers for the year. The following were elected:

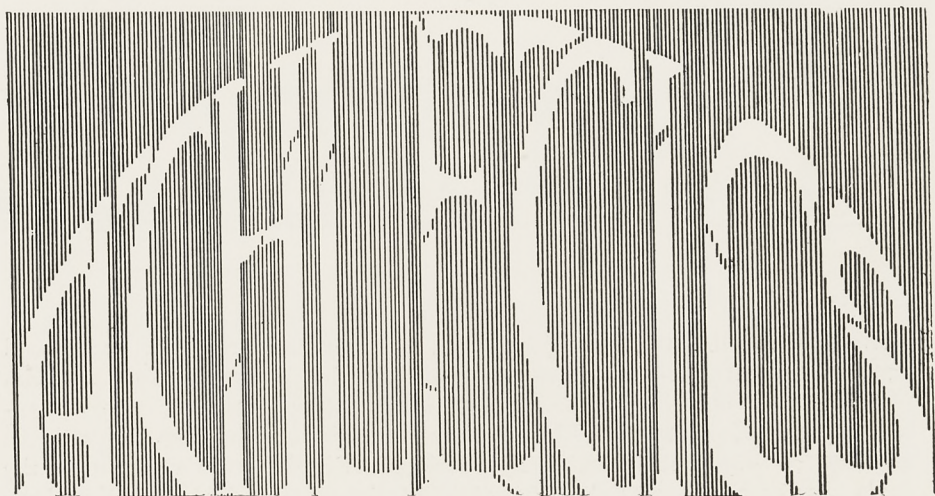
William Berrier	President
Harvey Knowles	Secretary
Dan Sheldon	Pianist

The Glee Club which had weekly practice every Tuesday, held its first public performance at the Opera House on Armistice Day.

The members then decided to give some kind of an entertainment and after much arguing it was decided to give a minstrel show.

There was a great deal of preparation and much practice before the show, but it proved worthy of the work. Its success was due to the co-operation of the members and to the efforts of Miss Hidden.

The popularity of the Glee Club this year will probably cause a larger enrollment for next year.



Football Team





FOOTBALL

For the first time in the history of the school Madera High has taken an active part in all forms of major sports, and for the first time in a good many years we turned out a football team. At first prospects for a team seemed poor as only two of the students of the school had ever played football before. However, the student body was all behind the team and with the assistance of our capable coach, Mr. Rowe, a creditable team was put on the field. James Dickey was elected captain of the team and he and Mr. Rowe put the men through stiff practice every night. Finally all were ready for the first game and went forth resolved to do or die.

SELMA, 48; MADERA, 6

Saturday, October 2, the squad went down to Selma for its first real taste of football. The team was accompanied by a large crowd of rooters who did much to keep up the morale of the players. Although the members of the team were outweighed to the man and lacked the experience of their opponents they put up a stiff fight and showed the crowd that they could play football. Madera's touchdown came as a result of a perfect forward pass.

FRESNO, 21; MADERA, 0

The second game was played on our home grounds and the team showed much improvement and though we didn't score we held the strong Fresno squad to three touchdowns.

CHOWCHILLA, 0; MADERA, 43

We defeated our old basketball rivals in their first game of football. This was Chowchilla's initial game and we certainly knocked them for a row of goal posts. Our experience gained in the previous games was evident and we played rings around them.

TURLOCK, 6; MADERA, 46

The Turlock "Heavies" (appropriately named) came down and thought they would throw a scare into us but they were sadly mistaken for after the first few minutes they were a little uneasy themselves. Our interference was growing better and the Turlock men found it hard to penetrate. The trick plays worked to perfection and the Turlock huskies didn't know where the ball was most of the time. During the entire game we lost the ball but three times on downs.

CHOWCHILLA, 0; MADERA, 14

Chowchilla came down for a return game and we entered the game badly crippled. Roy Carpenter, James Dickey, Maurice Thede and Robert DeChaine were all out on account of injuries. Neither side scored during the first half and in the second half Maurice Thede, our hard hitting full back, went in to the game and instilled some spirit into the men. During the second half we scored twice and converted both goals.

SANGER, 0; MADERA, 14

November 11 was a big football day for Madera. Madera Legion team played the Sanger Legion and Madera High played Sanger High. Both games were won by Madera. Captain Dickey tore the ligaments loose in his ankle in this game and was layed up for the rest of the season.

FRESNO, 24; MADERA, 21

We gave Fresno a big surprise and sent the Madera rooters into a frenzy of joy when in the last three minutes of play Maurice Thede, Basil Jones and DeChaine galloped across Fresno's goal line for three touchdowns. The game ended with the ball in Madera's possession with forty yards to go.

STOCKTON, 52; MADERA, 0

In our final game of the season with Stockton on Thanksgiving Day we were defeated by a heavier team on a muddy field. The Stockton linemen broke through the line and nailed the back-field men in their tracks. Every Madera player looked like a leather covered egg expecting some Stockton man to kick him for a goal.

STATEMENT BY COACH

In speaking of the 1920-21 football team and its successful season, for it was a successful season, too much credit cannot be given to the boys who went out night after night for hard practice, no matter whether they made the team or not. Some of these were Seniors who not only knew that they had no chance for glory and the hero-worshipping applause of their fellow school-mates, but who could not look forward to a next years' chance. They took the hard knocks along with the rest of the bunch, which was the one reason why the year was a success.

When we recall that only two boys had ever played in any kind of football game before; when we recall that we played all comers, large or small, some of whose teams were composed of men who had been raised on football, we can indeed call it a successful season.

In percentage of games it was successful, the team losing only four and these to much larger schools that have been playing football for years. Yet they knew that they were playing men who only need experience to become their equals. A team can well be proud of twenty-one points in three minutes against such a team as Fresno and these too in the last three minutes of play.

H. L. ROWE

The following men are wearing Block M's as a result of their work in football:

Name	Position	Weight	Year
Pollard Anderson	L.E.	145	Freshman
Robert DeChaine	R.E.	120	Junior
Thomas Carrol	L.G.	145	Sophomore
Lawrence Macon	L.T.	155	Senior
James Warner	R.T.	160	Junior
Curtis Walling	R.G.	145	Senior
Harvey Knowles	C.	162	Senior
James Dickey	L.H.	145	Senior
Harry Thede	R.H.	160	Senior
Maurice Thede	F.B.	178	Senior
Bernard Dickey	Q.B.	120	Junior
Emmet Whiteside	Q.&T.	140	Sophomore
Roy Carpenter	H.B.	167	Sophomore
Lawrence Petty	G.&T.	155	Junior

Line average, 149 pounds.

Backfield average, 158 pounds.





BASKETBALL

Boys' Basketball



There was not very much basketball material available this year but a fast and aggressive team was put on the floor regardless of the fact. The main weakness was in the forwards, who although fast and willing were outweighed by larger and heavier men in every game. The five man defense game was adopted and the clever guarding of the men kept down the scoring in many instances. Coach Rowe, himself a basket-ball player of no mean ability is to be complimented for turning out and developing some of the players from recruits to finished players.

ATHLETIC CLUB, 18; MADERA, 14

The first game of the season was played December 21 with the Fresno Athletic Club as the opposing team. The Madera boys were somewhat nervous and missed the hoop at the critical moments. Nevertheless it was a fast and exciting game. Puzant Darpinian, a former guard on the High School team played forward on the Fresno team.

ALUMNI, 8; MADERA, 40

During the Christmas holidays the Alumni team challenged us and the game was played January 3. The former stars showed their lack of practice and were defeated by the new stars by the score of 40 to 8. The Alumni team consisted of Shedd and Desmond, goals, Woods, center, and Coffee and Shupe, guards.

SELMA, 26; MADERA, 13

The first league game of the Fresno County League was played at Selma on their own courts. The Selma aggregation proved to be too fast for us and we bit the dust.

FRESNO, 17; MADERA, 13

The second league game was played on our own courts with Fresno. Both teams were evenly matched and for a while it looked as if Madera was a winner but Fresno scored a field goal near the close of the game and the scoring ended there for both sides.

LE GRAND, 17; MADERA, 14

Le Grand has always had a good basketball team and this year's team was no exception. Although we led in the first half Le Grand came from behind in the last few and grabbed the game from the fire.

CHOWCHILLA, 7; MADERA, 13

Our first game was won at Chowchilla. The outcome of the game was never in doubt though the score was rather close. Lawrence Brown starred for Madera, making many difficult shots.

MERCED, 32; MADERA, 17

Again we bit off more than we could chew when Merced came down and beat us by the score of 32 to 17. The boys were bewildered by the fast plays of Merced. Buck and Souza starred for Merced. Cosgrave did good work for Madera, throwing eight out of ten free throws.

LE GRAND, 26; MADERA, 28

The hardest fought game of the season was the return game with Le Grand. The game was played in semi-darkness and the boys surely did run wild. DeChaine and Maurice Thede threw the casaba through the hoop from all angles of the court. The score stood a tie at the end of the game so a five minute extra session was called. One goal was enough to beat LeGrand and we came home victorious.

Girls' Basketball



At the beginning of the term, all aspirants for basketball honors met and elected Edith Crow, Captain, and Bertha Wood, Manager. Miss Bennink coached the team and a fast team was turned out. Most of the girls were inexperienced however, and though they won no games they always furnished plenty of excitement.

KERMAN, 27; MADERA, 7

This was our first game of the season, being played at Kerman before a small crowd of Maderans. It was an interesting contest although a slow one as Kerman's forwards were wizards at shooting goals. The score was soon forgotten when Kerman passed around hot chocolate and sandwiches.

SANGER, 23; MADERA, 4

Madera was again defeated, this time at the hands of Sanger before a large, expectant crowd of students. Every play was hard fought for and we showed remarkable improvement in team work and especially in passing. Madera showed her hospitality by inviting our opponents to the annex where a spread of chocolate and sandwiches awaited the winners.

SELMA, 14; MADERA, 5

A large, enthusiastic crowd of Maderans journeyed to Selma on the eventful night of January 7 to see a slow, uninteresting game between the Madera team and the Selma team. The only feature of the game was the tangling and falling of the running centers. If we had been accustomed to play on a dance floor in a building with low rafters and had our girls been larger, the score would probably have been different. This was the first and only league game the Madera girls played.



TRACK



Training season started with plenty of material to pick from although the picking wasn't hard. Our main weakness was in the field events and in our dual meets this sad fact caused our defeat in some instances. Maurice Thede was elected captain of the track men and hard practice and strict observance of training rules soon put all the men in the best of condition.

LATON, 46; MADERA, 84

We beat Laton badly in our first attempt. We showed superiority in the track events in which we fared better than in the field events. James Dickey, James Warner and Maurice Thede were the big point winners of the day, each scoring thirteen points.

SELMA, 64; MADERA, 50

We did not fare so well in our next meet with Selma although we started off like a house-a-fire and were soon leading by seventeen points. Selma showed her ability in the field events and walked off with the meet. Dyer, DeChaine and Whitesides finished in the order named in both the 880 and the mile run.

FRESNO COUNTY MEET

We won fifth place in the Fresno County track meet scoring ten and one-half points. Coalinga finished first in the meet. Bernard Dickey came in third in the fifty yard dash. James Dickey tied for fourth place in the one hundred yard dash. DeChaine and Dyer finished third and fourth respectively in the mile run and Joe Meilike tied for fourth place in the hop-skip-jump. In the Junior events Irving Lewis captured first place in the one hundred yard dash and took second place in the fifty yard sprint. He was the only one entered from Madera in the Junior events.

FRESNO, 90; MADERA, 45

We were badly beaten by Fresno but the score should have been much different as some of our best bets were taken sick and could not appear. We took but three first places. James Warner took the fifty yard sprint. Dyer took the mile run and James Dickey ran off and left the rest of the field in the two-twenty.

INTER-CLASS TRACK MEET

The Junior Class captured inter-class honors in track, scoring forty-eight and one-half points. The Seniors finished second with thirty-seven points. Sophomores scored forty-eight and the lowly Freshmen scored seven and one-half points.





TENNIS



In the Corcoran tournament the team won three out of five matches, Girls' singles were won by Mary Baker. Mixed doubles were won from Corcoran by James Webster and Florence Teall. Boys' doubles were captured also from Corcoran by Lawrence Brown and Kenneth Crow.

We have in our possession pennants won by the tennis team in both the fall and spring tennis tournaments for the championship of the Fresno County High School League. We also have in our midst the Woman Singles Tennis Champion of the Valley in the person of Mary Baker. She beat the former holder of the title, Mildred Moore of Fresno, very decisively and so won the title. Mary Baker has been rightly termed, "The Midget Left-Handed Wizard." We have always had a good tennis team but we were more successful this year than ever before.

Our first tournament we won from Selma with ease. James Webster and Edith Crow in the mixed doubles were the only ones who were forced to exert themselves, winning their match by the score of 7-5, 7-5. Glenn Freeman

won the boys' singles with two love sets and he and Lawrence Brown won the doubles also with two love sets. Mary Baker won her singles match, 6-0, 6-2. Edith Crow and Mary Baker finished the day by winning the girls' doubles, 6-0, 6-3.

In our next tournament with Fresno we again carried off the honors, winning four matches of the five. Mary Baker, Glenn Freeman and Lawrence Brown were the outstanding stars of the day.

Our next match was with Caruthers in the semi-finals for the County championship. This proved to be the hardest fought tournament we had played, but we won the first three matches and won the others by forfeit.

In the finals for the County Championship we were pitted against Fowler. The Fowler players were unable to handle the drives and serves of the Madera stars and we won the tournament along with the Championship. Mary won her match, six-one and six-two. Glenn was an easy victor, winning his match, six-love and six-two. Madge Dubray and Edith Crow won the deciding match, six-two and six-three.

In the spring tournaments we were again successful and beat Selma in our first tournament. The tennis stars repeated their remarkable playing of the fall and won all five matches.

We again won from Fresno in five matches. Only one set was lost during the tournament. Kenneth Crow, the infant Freshman was the surprise of the day. He was taken along to take James Webster's place who was sick and he certainly played like a champion.

We won in the semi-finals for the Fresno County Championship from Caruthers. This tournament was very hard fought and our singles champions, Mary Baker and Glenn Freeman both had to exert themselves to win. We lost one match however, the mixed doubles as Glenn Freeman and Lottie Clendenin were not used to playing with each other.

In the finals for the Fresno County Championship we won from Clovis. Glenn Freeman was defeated for the first time in the singles event. This was a bad start but we won the rest of the matches and the championship.

By winning the tennis tournament at Coreoran Madera High School gained the championship of the San Joaquin Valley.





BASEBALL

Although we lost six members of our last year's team through graduation and otherwise, there is always new material to be found and the holes in the team were soon filled with recruits. Harvey Knowles was elected captain of the team and did well in that capacity. In every instance the boys played like champions when up against inferior teams but they seemed to become nervous when up against good teams and threw the games away by errors.

LE GRAND, 5; MADERA, 14

The Le Grand team came down for the first game of the season. The offerings of Wright and Baxter were not held in very high esteem by the Maderans who touched them up for fourteen runs while the Le Grand boys could only retaliate with five. Knowles, Anderson and Woods each made a three bagger for Madera. Hunt and Berrier formed the battery for Madera.

SELMA, 9; MADERA, 2

We were defeated in our first league game by Selma. The Madera boys could not solve the curves of Syd or Adams, the Selma twirlers, and were let down with two runs. Hunt was hit freely and the Selmans crossed the platter nine times.

LE GRAND, 4 MADERA, 9

Again the skids were placed under Le Grand and we romped home with a nine to four victory.

Some of the players nearly got lost on the road so the game was called off at the end of the seventh inning.

SANGER, 7; MADERA, 0

We were shut out by Sanger for the first and only time in the season. Everyone on the team seemed to be on the hummer. Knowles got Madera's only hit. The team as a whole gave a poor exhibition of baseball, booting the ball around like a bunch of kindergarten kids. Price and Robbins formed the battery for Sanger and Hunt, Carroll and Berrier for Madera.



KERMAN, 4; MADERA, 5

The first really close game was played at Kerman. Kerman led until the fifth inning but the score was tied and they were leading in the eighth again with two men on base. Berrier singled and two runs crossed the plate. Kerman could not come back with the tying run so the game was over.

FRESNO, 8; MADERA, 1

Again we lost by our ragged fielding and inability to hit in the pinches. Both teams had the bags loaded in the first inning but no damage was done. Bills and Sako held the Maderans at their mercy and let them down with five hits. DeChaine who served them for Madera pitched good ball but was given poor support by his teammates.

CHOWCHILLA, 6; MADERA, 10

Madera added another victory to her games won column, when Chowchilla was defeated by the score of ten to six. The game was a poor exhibition of the national pastime, but nevertheless we won. Stitt of Chowchilla knocked out a home run and Anderson got a three bagger for Madera. Dickey on the rubber for Madera fanned fourteen but it was a case of have to.

CHOWCHILLA, 1; Madera, 8

We were again victorious over Chowchilla in our return game. Hunt was in rare form and allowed the Chowchilla sluggers only four scattered hits, while Williams of Chowchilla was pounced on for fourteen safe bingles. The whole team played like champions for the first time in the season.



KERMAN, 2; MADERA, 3

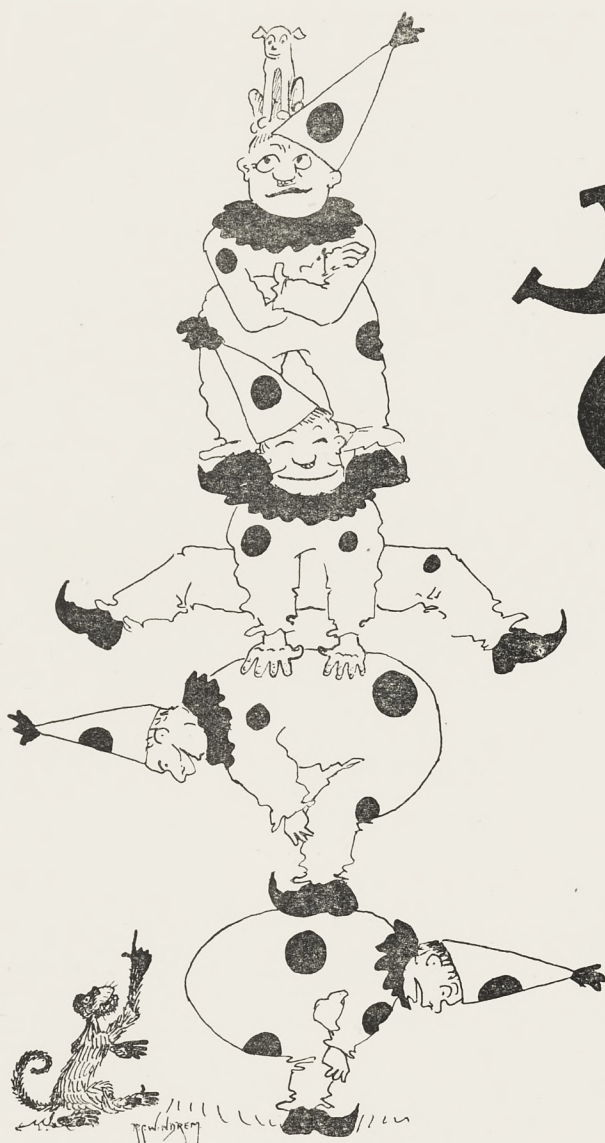
The return game with Kerman was played on their home lot and we again carried off the honors. It was a very good game and was witnessed by a large crowd of Kermanites. Hunt struck out fourteen while Wilson fanned ten Madera stickers.

MERCED, 11; MADERA, 3

The game at Merced resulted most disastrously for the Madera boys. Although the Merced pitcher was wild and walked ten men he held us down to one safe hit which was made by Berrier in the seventh inning. The final score was eleven to three in favor of Merced.







JOKES

Jefferson Brown looked over his paper to Washington Brown and remarked:

"Niggah, it says here that in Sumatra foah foah dollahs yoah can buy a good wife."

Washington gasped: "Foah dollahs!" Foah why does a niggah want a wife when he has foah dollahs?"

"My hair is falling out," said the timid man to the young medical student. "Can you give me something to keep it in?"

"Certainly," he said. "Here's a nice pasteboard box."

Waiter: "Were your eggs cooked long enough?"

Disgusted Patron: "Yes, but not soon enough."

Madge: "I want a good joke."

Jim: "Think ten minutes and you may have one in a nutshell."

Coach Rowe (in track): "'S matter, George, your new shoes hurt?"

George: "No, but my feet do."

Tramp: "Madam, I was at the front—."

Kind-hearted Lady: "My poor man! Another victim of the terrible war. Here's a dollar. Tell me how you got into these straits."

Tramp: "I was going to say that I was at the front door but nobody answered so I came around here."

"Three balls!" yelled the umpire.

"Now's the chance to soak it," yelled the pawn broker's clerk."

George: "Curt, if you were standing on a dime, why would you be like Woolworth's 5 and 10 cent store?"

Curt: "I don't know. Why?"

George: "You would be nothing above ten cents."

Gerald: "Bob, why did you tell Hope I was a fool?"

Bob: "Excuse me. I didn't know it was a secret."

While the minister was making a call the little girl of the house was busy with pencil and paper.

"What are you doing?" he asked when her mother had left the room for a moment.

"I'm making your picture," said the child.

The minister sat very still, and she worked away earnestly. Then she stopped and compared her work to the original and shook her head.

"I don't like it much," she said. "'Tain't a great deal like you. I guess I'll but a tail on it and call it a dog."

In the sweet silence of the twilight they honey-spooned on the beach

"Dearest," she murmured tremblingly, "now that we are married I have a secret to tell you."

"What is it, sweetheart?" he asked softly.

"Can you ever forgive me for deceiving you?" she sobbed. "My—my left eye is made of glass."

"Never mind, lovebird," he whispered gently, "so are the diamonds in your engagement ring."

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

Adam: "It is a great life if you don't weaken."

Plutarch: "I'm sorry I had no more lives to give to my country."

Samson: "I'm strong for you, kid."

Jonah: "You can't keep a good man down."

Cleopatra: "You're an easy Mark, Anthony."

David: "The bigger they are the harder they fall."

Columbus: "I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way!"

Salome (tiring of dance): "Let's be done with wiggle and wobble."

Nero: "Keep the home fires burning."

Noah: "It floats."

Methuselah: "The first hundred years are the hardest."

Miss Hidden: "Ila, define the human brain."

Ila: "The matter in a nutshell."

His dark blood trickled over my hand,

In vain I tried to stop the flow,

And as I bandaged him I knew—

That now at last my friend must go.

I held him close in agony,

And thought of what a friend he'd been,

My dear old trusty, fountain pen.

Miss Bennink (in U. S. History): "A circuit court is one that is held in first one city and then in another."

Carlos: "How does it travel?"

Jim Warner (interrupting): "In a horse and wagon."

Prof. Sheldon (Physics): "Cosgrave, what do you know about cells?"

Cosgrave: "Not much, sir, I've only been in two."

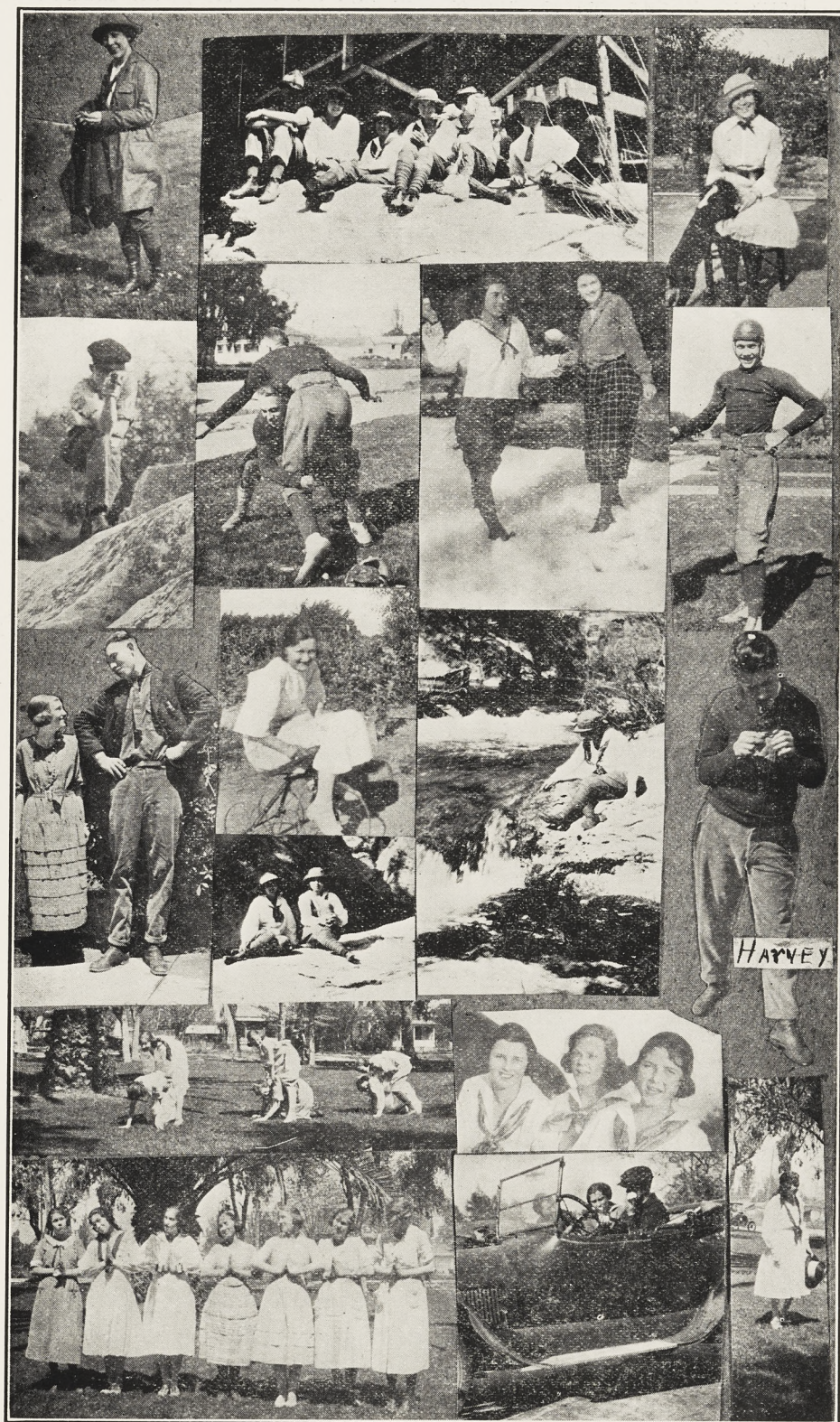
INFORMATION WANTED

When a man makes a lucky strike

Does it show that he is toasted?

And just because a guy stamps his foot

Is it true that he is posted?



Harvey: "Edith, the coloring of your face reminds me of the sunset."

Edith: "Why?"

Harvey: "Different places at different times."

Brinck: "The girl I marry must be square and upright."

Bill: "What do you want, a piano?"

Little Jim Warner sat in a corner,
Writing exes from notes up his sleeve.
His prof took note, of the way he wrote,
And now he's away on leave.

Hope: "And all summer long I sat on the beach making love to the breakers."

Madge: "Well, I'm glad that you found something that would fall for you."

Boggy: "I got the thirty-second degree last night."

Chub: "That so? I didn't know you were a Mason."

Boggy: "Naw, I ain't. But what I mean is, my girl froze me."

"The baby swallowed one of my letters."

"That's all right; mush is good for children."

Mr. Butler: "Kenny, who did you take riding last night?"

Kenny: "Some boys."

Mr. Butler: "Well, tell 'em to take their hair-pins out with them next time."

Plain facts may hurt, but that's all right,
We're gonna have a kick in the Purple and White.

Glenn: "Dad, what does college-bred mean?"

Father: "Merely a big loaf son."

Maurice (to Henry): "What's your kid brother, Gerald going to be?"

Harry: "Judging from the hours he keeps, he must be studying for a night-watchman."

Brick's contribution:

"Girls may come, and girls may go,
But freckles stay on forever."

Chub: "Brick's going to get in trouble going around with two girls."

Macon: "Most birds have enough trouble with one girl."

Science Circuit—Farce—PHYSICS III

Produced by Prof. Sheldon

Science—Laboratory.

Time—Eighth and ninth periods.

Prof. Sheldon: "Order, order. Stop this talking."

Dickey: "Make mine rare with lots of onions, Prof."

Prof. Sheldon: "Butler, are you learning anything back there?"

Butler: "Oh, no. I was just listening to you, sir."

Freeman: "Mr. Sheldon, why does a bird sing?"

Prof. Sheldon: "Fools ask questions wise men can't answer."

Joe: "Guess that's the reason so many of us flunk."

Prof. Sheldon: "What are you doing, Cosgrave?"

Carlos: "I'm helping Dyer."

Prof. Sheldon: "Dyer, what are you doing?"

Dyer: "Nothing."

(Prof. Sheldon succumbs to chlorine wave)

Elva (in cooking): "Ruth's word isn't half as weighty as her biscuits."
Is that a pun, fair reader?

"When good King Woodrow ruled this land,
He was a goodly king,
He kept us out of war,
And beer and everything."

—(Apologies to Chaucer)

Extract from Pepy's dairy—

"The first thing I met when I returned home was the rolling pin." Cave-
man stuff, we calls it.

Editor's note:—All criticism of the joke department should be written on
on side of the paper and then put in the office in the waste basket.

Miss Bennink: "Who was Alexander, James?"

James: "Alex is the leading Cub pitcher, Ma'am."

Dickey (excitedly): "Glenn, did you see Lois smile at me then?"

Glenn: "Huh, that's nothin'. The first time she looked at me she
laughed." (Exit Dickey.)

Mother: "I wish you wouldn't stand on the steps so long with that young
man when he brings you home."

She: "Why, I only stood there for a second last night."

Mother: "Is that so? I really thought I heard a third and fourth."

Father: "Helen, isn't it about time you were entertaining the prospect
of matrimony?"

Daughter: "Not quite, pa. He doesn't call until eight o'clock."

"My heart is in the ocean," cried the poet rapturously.
"You've gone me one better," said his friend as he took a firmer grip on the rail.

Gerald (in History IV): "Miss Bennink, please turn out the lights. They keep me awake."

DEOR'S LAMENT

My Bonnie went down to the cellar,
A leaking gas pipe for to see
He lighted a match to locate it
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me!

Scrub: "What's the play?"

Sophomore: "Merchant of Venice."

Scrub: "What's the plot?"

Sophomore: "I dunno. I think he was hauled up for profiteering."

"Darling," he cried to Liz McBride

"I love no one but thee."

"Then beat it quick!" the maiden cried

"No amateurs for me."

It has been reported to us that Lenine is going to Trotsky out of Russia. More truth than fiction, 'pears to we 'uns.

We judge from Macbeth's soliloquy that delirium tremens were not unknown to the Scotch.

Harry (pompously): "I belong to the L. U. C. F. Club."

Pete: "What does that mean? 'Left until called for?'"

(Harry will be back to school Monday.)

Kenny: "What's the hardest thing in the world to do, Maurice?"

Maurice: "Divorce Curt from six bits."

Bill had been reading "Two Years Before the Mast." Next day in football practice when Harry tackled he yelled:

"Hold'er, Cap'n, man over board."

Dolly translating Spanish:—

"God has given me tremendous hands."

Betsy: "My, but you have a pretty mouth. It should be on some girl's face."

Macon: "It is as often as it has the chance."

"You look sweet enough to eat,"
He whispered soft and low.
"I do," she softly answered
"Where shall we go?"

Virginia: "George kissed me last night."
Lois: "Didja call for help?"
Virginia: "No, I helped myself."

JOKE EDITOR'S MENTALITY TEST

Note:—Do not write until told to. Then write nothing. If you can't do a problem, don't.

Test No. 1.—

Write a brief essay on each of the following: Shakespeare, Barney Google, Andy Gump, Julius Caesar, Geo. M. Sheldon, Woodrow Wilson, Boob McNutt (don't confuse two preceding) and Sir Galahad.

Test No. 2.—

Answer any thirty of the following: For example:

Q. "How is the Gym?"

A. "Very well, thank you."

1. What is the most important to mankind, electricity or the liver?"
2. Are Lucky Strikes home runs or toasted?
3. Who is Prohibition?
4. Locate "banana" on the map.

Test No. 3.—

If a cucumber looks more like a billiard ball than a frankfurter, stand on your head and sing Annie Laurie; but if cheese is thicker than water and the square root of a differential is less than the arc of a right triangle take three fingers of prussic acid and tell us how it tasted.

This is the end of the test. By advanced grading system readers of the P. and W. get 300 per cent and all others .367541— per cent.

Plain Geometry

Pansy

Glenn

Ivan

—The Eternal Triangle.

Arza: "Gee, that's a bad cough, Lois."

Lois: "Maybe it is, but it's the best I have."

If you want to see something swell, put a sponge in some water.

"That's the guy I'm layin' for," said the hen as the farmer crossed the yard.

"You can always tell a Senior

He is so sedately dressed.

You can always tell a Junior

By the way he swells his chest.

You can always tell a Freshman

By his timid looks and such.

You can always tell a Sophomore,

But you can not tell him much."



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YOU UNDERTAKE TO DO
WILL PROVE
TO YOU
THAT CONFIDENCE
IN YOURSELF
IS WHAT COUNTS
AND WITH THIS IN VIEW
EVERYTHING WILL COME
EASY
AND IN YEARS TO COME
YOU WILL LOOK BACK
AND REALIZE WHAT
SELF CONFIDENCE MEANS
TO YOU
AND IT IS WITH
THE SAME CONFIDENCE
THAT WE HAVE ALLIED
OURSELVES TO THE
HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
IN BUYING OUR
MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S
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WILL BE EASIER FOR YOU
IF YOU DRESS WELL
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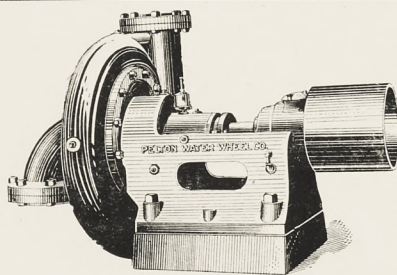
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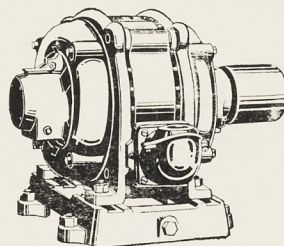
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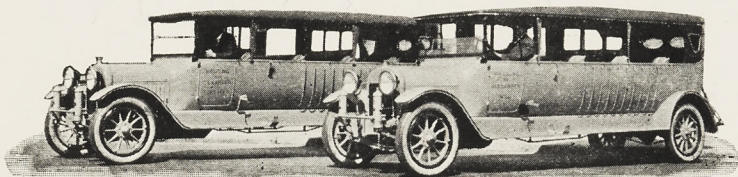
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